THE LAND WE LOVE.

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MAJ. GEN. GORDON'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF MONOCACY.

HEAD QUARTERS GORDON'S DIVISION,
July 22d, 1864.

MAJOR:—In accordance with orders from corps head quarters, I have the honor to submit the following report.

About 2½ p. m., 9th of July, I was ordered by Major General Breckinridge, commanding corps, to move my division to the right, and cross the Monocacy about one mile below the bridge and ford (on the Georgetown pike), which were then held by the enemy.—On reaching the river, I directed my brigade commanders to cross as rapidly as possible, and then to file to the left in the direction of the enemy's line, and I rode to the front in order to reconnoitre the enemy's position. I found that Brigadier General McCausland's cavalry brigade (dismounted) had been driven back by superior numbers, and that the enemy was posted along the line of a fence, on the crest of the ridge running obliquely to the left from the river. In his front lay an open field, which was commanded by his artillery and small arms to the extent of their range, while in his rear, ran a valley nearly parallel with the general direction of his line of battle. In this valley, I discovered from a wooded eminence in front of his left, another line of battle in support of the first. Both these lines were in advance of the Georgetown road. The enemy's line of skirmishers covered the front of his first line, and stretched far beyond it to the left. Having been ordered to attack this force, I had the division skirmishers, under Captain Keller, of Evans' brigade, deployed, and directed one brigade (Evans') under the protection of a dense woodland about 700 yards in front of the enemy's left, to move by the right flank and form so as to over-lap the enemy's left. The two brigades (Hays' and Stafford's) united under the command of Brigadier General York, were ordered to form on the left of Brigadier General Evans,—and Terry's brigade to move in support of the left of my line. These dispositions having been made, I ordered the command to advance *en echelon* by brigades from the right. The troops emerged from the woods 700 yards in front of the enemy's left, under heavy fire from infantry and artillery, and had advanced but a short distance when, on account of the wounding of one brigade commander, (Evans) to whom explicit instructions had been given as to the movement of his—the leading brigade—and the killing of several

regimental commanders, and the difficulty of advancing in line through a field covered with wheat-shocks and intersected by fences, the perfect alignment of this brigade was, necessarily, to some extent, broken. However, this temporary confusion did not retard its advance, which as I had anticipated, forced the enemy to change his front under fire. At this point, the Louisiana brigades, under the command of Brigadier General York, became engaged, and the two brigades (Evans' and York's) moved forward with much spirit, driving back the enemy's first line in confusion upon his second. After a brief halt at the fence, from which this first line had been driven, I ordered a charge on the second line, which was equally successful. At this point, I discovered a third line, which overlapped both my flanks, and which was posted still more strongly in the deep cuts along the Georgetown road, and behind the crest of the hill near the Monocacy bridge —and at once ordered Brigadier General Terry, who as yet had not been engaged, to attack vigorously that portion of the enemy's line nearest the river, and from which my troops were receiving a severe flank fire. This brigade advanced with great spirit and in excellent order, driving the enemy from his position on a portion of the line. He still held most stubbornly his strong position, in front of the other two brigades and upon my right. He also advanced at the same time two fresh lines of troops, to retake the position from which he had been driven by Terry's brigade. These were repulsed with heavy loss and in great confusion. Having suffered severe loss in driving back two lines, either of which I believed equal in length to my command, and having discovered the third line longer than either of the others, and protected by the cuts in the road, and in order to avoid the great loss it would require to drive the enemy from his position by a direct front attack, I despatched two staff officers in succession to ask for a brigade to use upon the enemy's flank. Ascertaining, however, that a considerable length of time must elapse before these could reach me, I at once ordered Brigadier General Terry to change front with his brigade to the right, and attack the enemy's right. This movement, promptly executed, with a simultaneous attack from the front, resulted in the dislodging of this line and the complete rout of the enemy's forces.

This battle, though short, was severe. I desire, in this connection, to state a fact of which I was an eye-witness, and which, for its rare occurrence, and the evidence it affords of the sanguinary character of this struggle, I consider worthy of official mention. One portion of the enemy's second line extended along a branch, from which he was driven, leaving many dead and wounded in the water and upon its banks. This position was in turn occupied by a portion of Evans' brigade, in the attack on the enemy's third line. So profuse was the flow of blood from the killed and wounded, of both these forces, that it reddened the stream for more than a hundred yards below.

It has not been my fortune to witness, on any battle-field, a more commendable spirit and courage, than was exhibited on this, by both officers and men. To my brigade commanders, for their good example and prompt execution of orders, I am especially indebted. They rode in the midst of their troops, under the severest fire, and exhibited that cool courage so essential in an officer on the field. There are many other officers, of lower grade, who well deserve particular mention,—among them, I desire to call attention to the admirable conduct of Colonel Peck, 9th Louisiana, commanding

Hays' brigade ; Colonel Atkinson, commanding Evans' brigade ; Colonels Funk and Dungan, commanding the remnants of the "Stonewall" and Jones' brigades, of Terry's command.

I regret to state that my loss was heavy in both officers and men, amounting in the aggregate, as shown by tabular report, of brigade commanders, to 698.—Among the killed, are Colonel J. H. Lamar and Lieutenant Colonel Van Valkenburg, both of the 61st Georgia regiment, of Evans' brigade, and both meritorious officers. Colonel Lamar, a most promising young officer, was shot from his horse at the head of his regiment. Several other regimental commanders of this brigade, were wounded ; some, it is feared, mortally. Lieutenant Colonel Hodges, 9th Louisiana regiment, Hays' brigade, an officer of rare merit, was severely wounded and left at hospital in Frederick City.

I cannot too highly commend the conduct, on the field, of the members of my staff, Major R. W. Hunter, and Captains V. Dabney and L. Powell. The prompt, fearless, and intelligent manner with which they bore my orders to every portion of the field, met my hearty approbation. Lieutenant S. Wilmer, my signal officer, had been previously wounded, during the skirmishing in front of Maryland Heights, bearing, under severe fire, an order from me. Major Moore, my inspector, rendered efficient service in his department. My senior surgeon, Dr. J. H. Stevens, labored assiduously during the afternoon and night, in caring for the many wounded.

I am, Major,
Very respectfully,
Your ob't serv't,
J. B. GORDON,
Maj. General.

Maj. J. STODDARD JOHNSTON,
A. A. G., Breckinridge's Corps.

FADED.

She took the starry, blue-eyed flowers
From her own shining hair :
"Sir Knight of mine," she gaily said,
"Your Lady's colors wear !—
'Faithful'!—'tis as my love for you—
The language that they bear"!

She fastened them upon my breast,
Praising their azure hue,
While I, assenting, only saw
Her eyes of sunny blue.
"Wilt guard them well ?" On hand and flower
I vowed :—a Knight most true !

'Twas years ago. I oped, by chance,
A casket old, to-day,
O'er which, the dust of years forgot
Had gathered, deep, and gray ;—
Within, a knot of wither'd flowers
Were fondly laid away.

Her token! I had "kept them well,"
Though lack of sun and showers
Had dimmed the brightness that they wore
In those lost summer hours.
Fit emblem of *her love*, alas!
That faded with the flowers!

I saw her yester-eve, the one
So fair in memory.
Deceit dwelt in the brilliant eyes
That won my heart from me,
And harsh lines marred the sunny mouth
I loved when twenty-three!

I saw her 'mid the pomp and wealth,
Which gild her false life o'er.
One glance, and, with a sigh, I turned
Back to my books once more,
Thankful that love of *twenty-three*
Sleeps well at *forty-four!*

Alexandria, Virginia.

TWELVE MONTHS IN SPAIN.*

We are in Seville. We will spend a month here. In that time, we may hope to become somewhat familiar with Sevillian life and Sevillian wonders.

The Spaniards have a pleasant way of admiring every thing Spanish. I repeat, *a pleasant way*, for the way itself, is sufficiently common to the nations; and among none is the manner of self-laudation more offensive than among ourselves. But the Spaniard's praise of whatever is Spanish, is refreshing from its very ardent simplicity. He will speak with child-like rapture of Madrid. London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, pale in his esteem, before the capital on the Manzanares, as the candle before the sun. So, too, he gives you his mind of Seville, with animated voice and gesture, in a proverbial couplet, which, I allow, has more truth than poetry:

"Quien no ha visto a Sevilla,
No ha visto a maravilla."*

A mere *coup d'œil* of Seville,—whether of the past or of the present, reveals a body of attractions unrivalled in Spain. With an origin that runs back with fabulous antiquity—founded by Hercules, as tradition has it—rebuilt and embellished by Julius Cæsar, as history attests; owning the sway of successive conquerors and successive faiths—illustrated by war and genius for two thousand years—once the seat of a commerce that poured the precious wealth of the New World into her lap; she is still glorious and beautiful in her decay and her ruins.

We notice only the chief matters of interest, and must be brief even

* Continued from page 287.

* He who has not at Seville been,
Has not, I trow, a wonder seen.

with these. The central point of observation is the the celebrated cathedral. I thought at one time, to enter somewhat into the details of this marvelous structure. But what I had written, proved, when the ink got dry, unsatisfactory, even to myself, and I am sure it must be equally so to other readers. I give up, therefore, the vain attempt.

There is, indeed, a certain point, in all the imitative arts, beyond which word-painting, though never so finely done, fails to convey any just impressions. There needs the seeing of the eye, and the hearing of the ear, to realize the full power of the highest styles in these arts. What is low or common, or even elegant and beautiful, we can describe very well, and we can appreciate the works themselves, through the descriptions very well. But when we stand in the presence of what is great and grand, and awful in painting, in sculpture, or in architecture; language becomes speechless, or, at least unintelligible. *A look* is worth all its words. A sense of silent superlative admiration possesses us like a spirit. And this is exactly what we cannot impart to others. True, it were easy to tell you, as the guide-books do, that the cathedral in Seville has the basilica form,—that it is 431 feet long by 315 wide, and that the centre nave is 145 feet, while the transept dome is 171 feet high. And the bare figures themselves will give you the idea of stately heights and ample spaces. But the general effect of the whole—the vaulted roof, so airy and majestic—the floor chequered with white and black marble,—the long-drawn aisles melting away in the gloom, which, the subdued light of richly painted windows, makes gorgeously visible,—the solemn stillness, which is undisturbed save by the loud-swelling organ, now deep and dreadful, like "thunder heard remote," now soft and dulcet as the floating melody of a flute; this is absolutely incommunicable.

Some writers on Spain have put the Cathedral, in all the elements of architectural excellence, before St. Peter's at Rome. I cannot concur in this opinion. Yet, I can hardly say why, for I was more impressed by the Cathedral than by St. Peter's. But in these matters, we should learn to distrust our own feelings or our own uninstructed judgments. We should rest rather, in a reverent, humble spirit, upon the unerring psychological law, that the immediate impression of whatever is greatest in the works of genius or nature, is almost uniformly disappointing. The philosophy of this law is simple. The fault is subjective—in ourselves; not objective—in the work itself. Our minds need a process of education to bring them up to a level with the object.—Hence the universal experience among travelers, that the first impression of St. Peter's is one of disappointment. That experience, indeed, did we but analyze it, is the surest and highest testimonial to the vast overpowering grandeur of the building. A whole life-time spent in walking about St. Peter's, in telling the dome thereof, in marking well the magnificent distances, and the proportioned bulk of the structures, in considering the number and variety of its ornaments and monuments, would leave us yet much to learn. We should die but apprentices.

Now, I did not find this sense of disappointment in myself or in others, at the first view of the Cathedral, either so decided or so general as in the case of St. Peter's. Some there was undoubtedly,—but it was rapidly overcome, until, after a months' residence, the mind seemed to grow up to the full stature of the object, taking in all its amplitude, and filling in, nor more nor less, with the delighted satisfaction of com-

pleteness. This is praise,—but not the highest praise. Had I seen more of St. Peter's, doubtless the glory of the Cathedral to my vision might have been shadowed, if not entirely eclipsed. But, for all in all, beyond controversy, the Cathedral is second only to St. Peter's ; and we, who see it in its finished state, can best judge how well nigh it realizes the vast ideas of its projectors, when in 1480, they laid the first stone, with the expressed resolution "of constructing a church, such, and so good, that it never should have its equal. Let posterity, when it admires it complete, say that those, who dared to devise such a work, must have been mad."

I was fortunate in spending Holy Week in Seville. It is said that the ceremonies of this season lack only the presence of the Pope to render them more splendid and imposing than those at Rome.—There is one spectacle, indeed, which, Pope or no Pope, is allowed to surpass anything exhibited in the Eternal City. About the centre of the Cathedral, an enormous wooden Temple is erected, said to be seventy-five feet high. The host, encased in a silver *custodia*, is deposited in this Temple, which, on Thursday night and on Good Friday, is illuminated from top to bottom, with variegated wax candles. The effect may be conceived, not described. The immense spaces of the Cathedral are clothed with light, as with a garment, and, especially at night, which lends a witchery to the scene and to the senses. The mighty pile, with its lofty pillars, its superb marble pavement and altars, its brilliant frescoes and pictures, seems more like a creation of enchantment than the work of human hands.

There is another show, which, lacking the luminous glory of the wooden Temple, is without merit of any sort. A bronze candlestick, of exquisite workmanship—a wonder in itself—twenty-five feet high, is lighted up with thirteen variegated wax candles, which, about midnight on Thursday, are snuffed out, one after another, till a pure white candle is left burning alone. This absurd rite is designed to represent the desertion of Christ by the Apostles on the night preceding the crucifixion, while the lone, unsnuffed candle is figurative of the virgin :

> "—— faithful found
> Among the faithless, faithful only she."

I wonder they did not get up something to typify Judas going out and hanging himself.

The observances of this sacred festival, taken altogether, as I witnessed them, bating an occasional inappropriate display, like that which I have just alluded to, were deeply impressive. The order, decorum and reverential awe manifested by the uncounted thousands, who thronged the Cathedral, during the entire week, excelled anything seen in our protestant churches, on the most solemn occasions. There are those, I know, who, judging by a standard found at home in our own country, will deem it all hollowness and pretence :

> "—— Religion's pride,
> In all the pomp of method and of art,
> When men display to congregations wide,
> Devotion's every grace, except the heart."

The censure is not only harsh, it is unjust also. We have no more reason to doubt the sincerity of these worshipers, than we have to doubt our own. If they counterfeit at all, they do it so well as to require more than mortal ken to detect what is genuine and what is false. Nor let it be forgotten, that in a grander mould of ritual service than even Romish pageantry can boast, was cast the simple faith and earnest piety of the old prophets and kings, who needed sensuous forms to illume what, in them was dark, to raise

and support what was low. The truth is, the capital objection to the religion of Rome lies not against the pomp of the ceremonial, as producing hypocrites and formalists,—but rather against its fitness to the age. The Jewish economy was a worship. Its priesthood, its altars, its sacrifices, its minstrelsy, its tabernacle and its temple was a sublime worship; pointing, withal, like a finger, to better things. The christian system is a gospel ; it is glad tidings, which needs but to be told. Its great and solemn business is to *teach* the nations. Hence praise is fitly subordinated to hearing, worship, to the foolishness of preaching, the building made with hands, to the temple of the soul. That wisdom which Solomon saw from afar off, but which in one season was made flesh, and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth, was oftenest seen and heard without, in the streets, in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates. And it is high time, if we had ears to hear it, that not one stone be left upon another in the whole costly and stupendous fabric of ritualism.

We come back from this digression. It does not comport with my plan to notice the world of art in the Cathedral—the frescoes, the pictures, the images, the statues. An American, however, will pause with mournful interest over the plain marble slab, which covers the grave of Fernando, (son of Christopher Columbus,) who is buried here ; nor will he fail to kindle with emotion, at the simple grandeur of the inscription to the memory of the great navigator himself, whose noble dust reposes in Havana :

"A Castilla y a Leon,
Nuevo mundo dio Colon !"

Columbus gave to Castile and to Leon, a New World !

Nor must we omit another thing before we dismiss the Cathedral. A Mosque formerly occupied its site. When the Spaniards tore down the Mosque, they had the good taste to leave the minaret standing entire ; and it is now the tower to the Cathedral, three hundred and fifty feet high. It is the most exquisite and unique work of its kind in Europe—a perfect gem of Moorish art. From its summit, to which the ascent is so easy and gradual that you may ride up on horseback, the view fills the eye with every element of beauty—the gay city—the undulating plain—the distant mountains—the gently-flowing Guadelquiver.

And now, in parting from the Cathedral, not to return to it, except, it may be, by an occasional allusion, let me hope, that you may one day behold the glorious edifice for yourself. The sight will store your mind with pure and varied satisfactions, which memory will recall with delight. You will love to go back in imagination and linger around a spot, which, of all upon earth, perhaps, putting tradition and history together, has been longest dedicated to devotion and religion. At least, we would fain believe so. Here, the old Iberian bowed to idols, whose very names have perished. Here, the Phœnecian adored

"Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns ;
To whose bright image nightly, by the moon,
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs."

Here the Roman erected a temple to thundering Jupiters. Here the Moslem, for five centuries, did homage to one God and the false Prophet. And here, in these last days, the christian renders a pompous worship to Jehovah and the Virgin. Shall anything come after ? Who can tell ?

FABRICA DE TABACOS.

A tobacco factory in Seville was what I had not been exactly prepared for, but for the guide-books. Amid so many memorials that carry us back over the track of the

dead ages, we do not look for anything so vulgar as the manufacture of tobacco. Romance associates even the practical arts here, with the graceful and the beautiful, with fine cloths, and silks, and velvets. But, after all, I know of nothing more calculated to put us in kindly sympathy, at once with the heroic past and the busy present, than the fragrant weed. I have always felt a touch of indignation towards that Pope (one of the Urbans, I think) who issued a bull against its use; albeit, the bull missed its aim, as a visit to the *Fabrica* will show.

The building itself is a model of architectural deformity, sprawling its huge dimensions over a quadrangle 662 feet by 524. But if it should be judged rather in reference to the uses for which it was designed, than by any abstract rules of harmony and proportion, then it is entitled to high merit.

The establishment is the largest of its kind in the world. It employed, when I was there, seven thousand five hundred hands, of whom five thousand two hundred were females. The business is confined to the manufacture of cigars and snuff. The Spaniards do not indulge in our habits of "chewing" and "rubbing."—The snuff rooms, in which men alone are employed, are on the ground floor—but my nasal organ was too sensitive for more than a mere glance. Passing to the second floor, you are shown into an immense hall. The scene, be what it may, is indescribable.—Four thousand women, (without a solitary specimen of the other gender,) of all ages, seated at long tables, making cigars! Allowed the utmost liberty of chat, their tongues go with an incessant and deafening discord. Yet they ply their work with a quick-fingered nimbleness that is surprising. A hand can put up twelve bundles a day, each bundle containing fifty cigars. A tolerable estimate may thus be formed of the aggregate sent out from this factory annually.

These *cigarreras*, or female cigar makers, constitute a caste in Seville. They are usually the instigators, if not the leaders, in the turbulent disturbances of the city. They may be seen on Sundays and other gala-days flaunting along the streets and promenades, distinguishable as well by the gairish *mantilla*, drawn so as to show only the upper part of the features, as by their impertinent, dare-devil foreheads. Of course, they are no better than they should be—but, notwithstanding their lively air and Andalusian wit, one can look on their haggard, sallow, death-like faces with passionless serenity. In fact, the aspect of all the employées, of both sexes, is, to the last degree, forbidding; due, doubtless, to the unhealthfulness of their occupation.

The tobacco manufactured here is not raised in Spain—but brought from Cuba; though I do not see why it might not be abundantly produced in the Southern provinces of the Peninsula. The shipment of the raw material from the colony to the mother country, whence the manufactured article is distributed to the general markets of the world, is the exploded colonial system of the last century. And to export tobacco from Cuba to Europe to be made into cigars and snuff, is very like the economical blunder which we repeat, when we send our cotton to Massachusetts and to England, whence we receive again the products of our own hands, enhanced in price by all the multiplied changes in place and form. There are, however, recent evidences of progress in Spain, indicative that the force of ideas has, at last, penetrated her iron-clad conservatism. Time out of mind, she seized on tobacco as a government monopoly; and, when I was there, she seemed to hold on, like a miser, from the sheer love of a tight-grip. All

reason denounced the policy. It increased more than an hundredfold the price of an article of general consumption among her people. A good cigar cost you at the government stall a peseta, or 20 cts., while you could buy the same article from the smuggler at less than half that sum. And here was another vicious effect. It filled the land with smugglers. *The Fabrica* at Seville is guarded, like a fortress, by a deep moat, and the employées are subjected to the most strict inspection.—Still, in spite of every vigilance and precaution, smuggling tobacco is a lucrative business.

I should mention the polite attention, almost universal among Spanish officials, accorded to strangers visiting this establishment. You are shown every thing and told everything, with a courteous frankness that leaves nothing to be desired.

LONJA, OR THE EXCHANGE.

I have already remarked, incidentally, that Seville had once been an emporium. Her commercial zenith was reached under the Moors, when the Guadelquiver was navigated as far up as Cordova. The mighty stimulus furnished to bold enterprise and insatiate cupidity by the discovery of America, established and prolonged her supremacy.

Her quays were crowded with merchants from the ends of the earth—eager now to reap where they had not sown—obedient now to the guiding genius of Columbus,

"* * * the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

At this period and for long after, the Bulls and Bears of Seville had their chief place of concourse about the cathedral (then unfinished,) like their Jewish prototypes, who made the Temple an house of merchandise. And never did Bulls and Bears have such a rollick! How the bulls tossed, as each returning sail brought home tidings of some new region or untold riches in the far off world! What prodigious schemes! What amazing activities and adventures! What great thoughts of empire and power and titles of nobility! And how the bears, in their turn, pulled down, as one golden vision after another vanished into bankrupt hopes! What disappointments! What argosies lost! What valor in vain! What endurance unrewarded! What great searchings for hid treasures never found!

After a chequered career of about a century, at their high play for a whole continent, in the purlieus of the cathedral, the moneychangers removed to "*la Casa Lonja*," or, as we would call it, the Exchange, which was ready for their reception in 1598. It is a noble edifice, a quadrangle 200 feet on each side, faultless in style and proportion, with a spacious court-yard.

There is a popular superstition that a man, who has been well to do in an old house—or in no house at all, had better not, in the decline of life, build himself a splendid mansion—for, as the superstition reasoneth, he'll not more than get fixed up in his new abode, before he'll die. Somewhat of this sort happened to the merchant princes of Seville. They had hardly felt themselves comfortable in their new and sumptuous quarters, ere commerce deserted Seville, which rapidly declined in population from 300,000 to, what it is now, 96,000 souls. The Exchange has never resounded with the busy hum of trade. Its magnificent court has been for ages as silent and grass-grown, as it is this day. The marble pavement of the elegant rooms echoes, as of old, the foot-fall of the solitary visitor, like a sepulchre. And it is a fit echo! For the Exchange has become in some sort a tomb, not, indeed for what is mortal of the dead, but for that which Milton calls an immortality—the record of their il-

lustrious deeds. The Archives of the Indies, as they are called, are carefully collected and deposited here in mahogany book-cases. They consist of every document of value extant touching the discovery, exploration and settlement of the Americas, in original manuscripts. I regretted that my knowledge of the language did not enable me to appreciate this collection, which embraces many thousand volumes of deep interest to an American.

Here, however, he may trace the chirography of Columbus and Cortez, and the other heroes, who discovered, explored, subdued and peopled our western hemisphere.

MURILLO AND HIS PICTURES.

It is well, perhaps, now to turn for a while to another branch of art—to that of painting. Seville abounds in pictures of every grade of merit, and a large number of no merit at all. But here, even more than in architecture, I must bespeak much allowance on the score, already alluded to, of inability to convey just impressions on paper—especially in the case of one, who is not a connoisseur in the art.

Seville is the chief scene of Murillo's works, a great Spanish painter, who lived and died here in the 17th century. I had become somewhat familiar with his style in Madrid; which pleased me more than that of Raphael or any other master, though it may show a want of taste to say so; as I cannot assign any good reason for the preference. Perhaps, however, in our judgments of pictures and painters, it is wise to follow the prudent example of that jurist, who always refused to give any reason for his opinions, since, as he said, the opinion might be very good and the reason very bad. I do not purpose, of course, to furnish a catalogue of the Murillos in Seville, where the pencil of the great artist was most abundant in labors. He excelled in delineating feminine grace and loveliness in its highest type. His beauty is wonderful, passing the beauty of women. Fortunately for his fame, a fierce controversy arose in the Spanish church between the Dominicans and Franciscans, about the immaculate conception of the virgin Mary. Murillo espoused the cause of the immaculate conception; and he did more to enthrone that dogma in the religious creed of his countrymen, than all the writings of monks in the world. His genius was at home in such a subject: and he has given form and body to the unearthly mystery in the very colors of heaven. "Never," says a just critic, "has dignified composure and innocence of mind, unruffled by human guilt or passion, pure unsexual unconsciousness of sin or shame, heavenly beatitudes past utterance, or the unconquerable majesty and hidden strength of chastity, been more exquisitely portrayed. The virgin appears in a state of extatic felicity, and borne aloft in a golden æther to heaven, to which her beauteous eyes are turned, by a group of angels:

Her graceful arms in meekness bending
Across her gently budding breast."

These "*immaculate conceptions*," of which there are many here, form the great pictorial attraction of Seville. Yet there are one or two more by the same masterly pencil, which deserve a note.

"*The guardian angel*," which is in the cathedral, is a gem. An angel pointing with uplifted finger towards heaven, leads a child, the sweetest you ever saw on canvass or in life! This is all. But the blending of the angelic and human elements is perfect. "Borrow's Bible in Spain" (a work which I read before I visited the country) represents the angel as bearing aloft a flaming sword. The author certainly did not see the picture.

And how it came to pass that his fancy armed the angel with a sword, one is at a loss to understand. A tomahawk or a club had been as well, after the fashion of an Indian wood-cut. Murillo had a juster and more scriptural conception of the panoply of ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.

"*Moses striking the rock*" is a grand picture and a profound study. It is of colossal size.—There is a touch of life and expression about it that brings you right into the presence of the scene recorded in the 20th chapter of Numbers. The parched desert, the goodly tents of Israel, the shekinah over the tabernacle, the cliffs of Horeb in the distant background; the smitten rock, which gave forth water like a river, the thirsty multitude and their beasts of burden rushing joyfully to the crystal stream, and the meek figure of Moses, with his rod, in the midst; his imperial brow yet stern with a wrath not quite passed away!!

Time would fail me to remark upon the innumerable works of Murillo scattered over this city; and it is out of my way, for the present, to remark upon specimens of art other than his—I close, therefore, with a sketch of a visit to his house. I have pleasant memories of that visit, as well on account of the celebrated painter, who lived and died there, as of its present occupant and owner. The house is located in the quarter of the city formerly occupied by the Jews—hence called *La Juderia*.—I was admitted at once, and shown into a small room, where I found two gentlemen in conversation upon a sofa. I was glad to recognize acquaintances. One was a Mr. Pizarro, who was employed in the Foreign office at Madrid.—The other was a priest, in the plain black frock usually worn by his order in Spain, whom I recognized at once as a member of the Spanish Senate, and had seen on several occasions during the previous winter in Madrid. He did not know me, I think, as well as I knew him; for he did not seem at ease until Mr. Pizarro, whom I had often met, mentioned repeatedly that I was an American. When he got that idea or fact fixed in his head, his manner changed all at once to exceeding cordiality. I could not understand this circumstance, till he explained that (not remembering at first having ever met me) he had taken me for an Englishman, and that he hated England and Englishmen. He added—a hint by the way which I profited by—that two Englishmen had called the day before to see the house and the pictures, like myself, and that they had insulted him by wearing their hats all the while in his presence. He spoke bitterly of English writers, especially on matters of religion. In this connection, he commended Mr. Prescott in terms of warmest eulogy; and hastened out of the room to bring me an edition of his works. I felt proud of my country! He asked me if Mr. Prescott was a Protestant; and upon my telling him that I presumed he was, rather from his works than from any personal knowledge, he said sorrowfully: "Yes, he is a Protestant—but a just one."

He returned again and again to England and Englishmen, as if his hatred possessed him like a mania. "Why, sir," said he, "Englishmen believe that the Inquisition exists to this day in Spain. I will show you all I have of it." And hereupon he flew out of the room again, and returned apace with a scroll in his hand. "This," said he, "is a diploma from the college of Jesuits in Seville to an ancestor of mine. I would not show it to those English fellows yesterday.—They would have thought themselves in the jaws of the Inquisi-

tion. The diploma, indeed, was very curious. It was in Latin, of course, bore date April 20, 1550—covered with armorial devices, and enjoined the appointee to be especially vigilant in the extirpation of heretics;—at which injunction the priest laughed heartily. "I was," he remarked, "a member of the Cortes in 1821, when the Jesuits were exterminated and their property confiscated. You will find my vote recorded against them. No papist of any intelligence favors their restoration."—I confess to a relish for his dislike of Englishmen, whom I found so constantly and excessively patronizing in Spain that I wondered Spaniards tolerated them at all.

My ghostly cicerone now proceeded to show me the curiosities of his house. Mr. Pizarro meanwhile having left us. Pictures were everywhere. A crucifixion painted on a wooden cross, by Murillo, I thought exquisite among a mass of trash. Pausing before a portrait of Philip II, the priest broke into a rapturous encomium of his character. I mentioned that Mr. Prescott was engaged, I had understood, upon a history of Philip's reign. Whereat he expressed high gratification, deeming that his favorite king would receive at Mr. Prescott's hands, better treatment than had been accorded to him by Englishmen. I am afraid if the priest has lived to see Mr. Prescott's work, he will have to change his opinion, either of our distinguished historian or of Philip. As to the portrait, qe said it had been taken from life, and was a faithful delineation of the features of the monk-king. If so, I marvelled that the dark, sinister expression of the face, had not suggested to my worthy host, something unmistakably deceitful and desperately wicked in the monarch. But he had evidently made up his mind to admire Philip, as he hated the English—without measure or qualification.

There was a picture of Don Pedro, *el cruel*. It represented that wild king in full armor on horseback riding towards the seashore, where, just stepping from a vessel, with a red flag in his hand, was the Pope's nuncio coming to to denounce excommunication against Peter. In reply to a question, he said, Peter was one of the best kings Spain ever had, and did not merit the epithet of *cruel*. He spoke slightingly of the virtue of excommunication in our day, and repeated an opinion, which I had heard him announce in the Spanish Senate, that the army was a more reliable instrument of rule in our age than the church.

We passed into the painting-room of Murillo, which is airy and cheerful, commanding a view of the beautiful gardens in the rear of the building. Here the great artist lived—for he lived to paint. I could not but feel an inspiration, as if in the very presence of his splendid genius. The walls are crowded with pictures. The priest pointed out—if any pointing were needed—all the Murillos—but none of them equaled, I thought, what I had seen from his pencil in Madrid and at other places in Seville. The collection of portraits was very large and very fine. Here were nearly all the kings of Spain, and her eminent men in arms, in letters, or in art. The priest could not vouch for the fidelity of the likenessess. But, in beholding the portraits of departed greatness, our faith becomes easy fathers to the thought, that there is some resemblance, at least in the general air, if not in the exact similitude of every feature. I felt this pleasing fascination, particularly, in seeing Columbus placed appropriately between his illustrious patrons—Ferdinand and Isabella.

I was now kindly invited down into the gardens. While on our way, the priest insisted that I would put on my hat, which I had

hitherto held in my hand—but mindful of the Englishmen the day before, and determined in all things to be respectful, I declined. The garden was redolent of the odor of flowers, oranges and lemons. Three crystal fountains rendered the air deliciously cool. On the back wall, were some Italian frescoes of Apollo and the Graces, attributed by some to Murillo, by others to Vargas.—The priest maintained that they were Murillos. Under the shade of a solitary palm-tree, which stood in the midst of the garden, we had every thing that was pleasant to the sight and good for food. The venerable priest talked of history, religion, politics, art, Spain and America, until I was alike impressed with his varied learning and his comprehensive views. Once, and once only, he touched on the controverted points between protestantism and catholicity; and from a silent admirer, he invited me to give a reason for the faith that was in me. Avoiding all vexed issues, I explained, as well as I could, how that, without priest, or altar, or sacrifice, or sacrament, or service, or church, the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. I thought I saw a twinkle of humor in his eye at the simplicity of my creed—but he was careful to shun all disputation, and we dropped the subject.

Thus four hours passed "with speed swiftly" in the company of my agreeable entertainer and under his hospitable roof. As I rose to leave, he so loaded me with oranges that I feared to be taken in the streets for a vender of fruit. He called my attention to a portrait of Murillo taken, he said, not long before his death, set in the key-stone of a pretty arch leading from the court. The priest evidently believed the likeness was faithful, and he succeeded easily in making me believe so too. The hair is long, full and parted in the middle—the head round and large—the mouth of the ordinary size—the lips somewhat thick and slightly open—at least not compressed as in a man of stern aspect—the face without any expression of divinity, though benevolent and altogether pleasant to look upon—every thing is Andalusian—hair, eyes, complexion—all very dark. On the whole, I felt some disappointment. There was none of the genius which shines in all his works—but a genial, joyous temperament rather; more of the earth, earthy, than I had expected to see in one, whose pencil has given the world, so much of the spiritual and heavenly.

And so I parted from the eminent, noble-hearted owner of Murillo's house—a fit inheritance in fit hands. A scholar without pedantry, a sectarian without bigotry, a patriot without narrowness—may we meet again!

THE LITTLE ROSALIE.

A little leaf from the rose's heart!
And a little pen of pearl,
To write a little bit of a rhyme
For a little bit of girl:
A rhyme for the little humming-bird,
And the little honey-bee,
And for all that sing to the flowers of spring,
For the little Rosalie.

The violet's dyes are in her eyes,
The violet's velvet in
The dainty dimples about her mouth,
The dimple upon her chin,
And never a nectar humming-bird,
And never a honey-bee,
That may ever sing to a sweeter thing
Than our little Rosalie.

Ah, yes! we think of the star-ward Palms
Over the orient seas!
Ah, yes! we drink of the blended balms
Of the sweet Hesperides!
We crooning here in the fading hours,
With the humming-bird and bee,
A little song with the flowers along,
For the little Rosalie.

P. O. TICKNOR.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL STEPHEN D. LEE.

The subject of this sketch is a signal illustration of what a young man, with energy and gifts can accomplish, when his talents are properly directed. His life and career may be studied with pride and pleasure, and profit by all: with pride, because he is an American citizen of the true American stamp; with pleasure, because of the unvarying success of his energy and ambition; and, with profit, by pointing the unknown and aspiring to him as a fit instance of the triumphs of integrity, application and directness of purpose. All these winning qualities he possessed, and when the occasion presented its encouraging opportunities, he eagerly watched its recurring moments, and promptly used them for honorable advancement. He was one of those who thought ambition, not only a holy principle,—but the best seed from which all commendable human character grew,—without it great and illustrious action was sporadic, requiring rare occasion, for each effort. But he pressed occasion, until the results of one occurrence, made occasion itself for other and greater results. In other words, he believed some occasion was indispensible, but by warmly embracing these fortunate periods, the man of pushing worth could make others. He never waited in idleness for the movement of the waters—for something to turn up—but was always richly preparing himself for every offer of fortune. He had no dormant powers—his were all awake, highly disciplined and ready for action. Such, in this respect, was the young Lieutenant General, of whom we write.

He was born in Charleston, South Carolina, September 22d, 1832,—and though not espousing all the peculiar opinions of that chivalrous and sensitive State, she never yet had a more devoted son. As Stonewall Jackson loved glorious old Virginia—so did Stephen D. Lee love South Carolina. Is not this remarkable attachment to their native land, by Southern

men, stronger than the same principle elsewhere? If there is a marked distinction between the native Northern man, and the native Southern man, we think it is this one. Of course, the native land of every man is dear to him, and ever remembered with pride. With the North it is a real, living principle, but of a more general, or national caste—the pride of the American—less local—less of the State—feebler and controllable.—Not so with the Southern man—it is devotion without depth—a love that knows no faltering, or change. But State love, State devotion, pure, all-sacrificing devotion, has no nobler exemplar in all history, than with our own unhappy people. No absence can obliterate it—no misfortune divert it—it is grandly indestructible and ineradicable.

Gen. Lee was educated at West Point, entering that institution in 1850, and was graduated in the class of 1854, numbering forty-six—his rank in the class being seventeenth. He, as a cadet, was especially distinguished for horsemanship. He was assigned to duty in the United States army as 2d Lieutenant of the 4th artillery. In 1856, he was promoted to 1st Lieutenant of the same,—shortly afterwards was made regimental quartermaster, and probably filled other staff positions; we know that he acted as A. A. General of the department of Florida in 1857 or '58, under Colonel Loomis, and at different times served in the United Sates army, in the States of Texas, Florida and Kansas, and the territory of Nebraska.—In 1861, probably late in January, or early in February, when he found war was inevitable, between the North and South, and he had to take part for or against his own State, that lofty devotion to South Carolina, of which we have spoken, prevailed: he resigned his commission in the United States army, and went immediately to Charleston. He was appointed Captain in the army of his State and of the Confederacy, early after reaching home, and assigned to duty on the staff of General Beauregard. He participated in the attack upon Fort Sumter,—in fact, he was one of the two officers sent by Beauregard to demand its surrender, and to carry the order to fire upon it when Major Anderson refused this demand. He served on other staff duty after the fall of Sumter,—but these duties were not congenial to him,—was elected Captain of a battery in Hampton's Legion, and through the instrumentality of that officer, was relieved on the staff, and took the command of his company. He was engaged for months on the Potomac, in harassing gun boats with his artillery; was in the retreat from Manassas to Yorktown, and then back to Richmond.—Early that winter was made Major of artillery. Shortly afterwards was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the same, and was engaged in the battle of Seven Pines, in Gen. Whiting's division. He served in Magruder's division in the seven day's fight around Richmond; was in the action of Savage Station and ever memorable Malvern Hill. After these battles, he was assigned to cavalry duty as Colonel of the 4th Virginia regiment of cavalry, and for weeks—it may be as long as two months—constantly and actively engaged in picket and scouting duty. His cavalry fights near the battle ground of Malvern Hill, though not great battles, were important and useful, and so efficient was his conduct on these occasions, as to call for special compliment from both Generals R. E. Lee and J. E. B. Stuart. His artillery service had marked him with unusual favor by Lee himself, and notwithstanding his efficient control of cavalry, this great soldier, with his unerring judgment of capacity, soon called for his services

in that line. Lee, therefore, relieved the young Colonel from his cavalry regiment and placed him in command of a battalion of artillery, with the rank of Colonel—in which he was months afterwards to distinguish himself so greatly—at the second battle of Manasas. Colonel in rank though he was, he became one of the heroes of that great day, and associated his name in indissoluble union with Lee, Jackson and Longstreet.—At this battle, where he sprang at once into national fame, and became a historic character, he occupied the commanding ridge between the corps of Jackson and Longstreet, with his artillery.—Of this important epoch in his career, we will defer notice to another place.

Again he appeared at Sharpsburg, on the left in that desperate struggle, which Hood's division had with the enemy. Here he commanded his battalion of artillery, of four batteries, and in an hour or little more, between daylight and half an hour after sunrise, he lost over ninety horses and about one hundred men.

When Gen. Lee returned from Maryland, we have heard one who knew, say that President Davis directed him to select one of his best officers, to be promoted Brigadier General, to be sent to Vicksburg. Stephen D. Lee was selected, and sent to that point, in November, 1862.

He had scarcely reached Vicksburg, and taken command of a Louisiana and Mississippi brigade, when Sherman appeared before the city. He had special charge of the line from the city of Vicksburg to Snyder's Bluffs, on the Yazoo river, (twelve miles,) including the batteries at the bluffs, to blockade the river. Of his conduct here, we shall speak in another place.

After the sanguinary, but glorious affair at Chickasaw Bayou, to which we will hereafter refer, his great artillery fame, so nobly achieved at second Manassas, singled him out by Gen. Pemberton, (perhaps by orders from Richmond,) who with all his vanity and weakness, was an accomplished and noted artillerist, and assigned him to the command of the heavy batteries at Vicksburg, in addition to the command of his famous brigade of Louisianians and Mississippians. Surely this was no small testimony to his military worth, for one so young, amongst all those able officers, the Bowens, Moores, Tilghmans and Greens, to be placed in so prominent and important a trust. But in this, as in every other position he had been placed, he proved himself equal to the confidence.

When Grant crossed the Mississippi river, below Vicksburg, and Gen. Bowen had been driven back from Port Gibson, Stephen D. Lee was sent to take command of Tracy's Alabama brigade with Bowen—Tracy having been killed at the battle of Port Gibson. When Pemberton moved to meet Grant, on the morning of the battle of Baker's Creek, Lee was on the left of the army, covering the Clinton and Raymond roads.—About sunrise, the enemy were discovered in force on both roads, the first intimation our army had of their immediate presence or nearness,—a surprise certainly.—The enemy began to move around Pemberton's left flank, in heavy force, and Gen. Lee was compelled to move constantly to his left, while engaged, in order to prevent the enemy from gaining the road in the rear of Pemberton's army, leading to Edwards' Depot, where were most of the supplies of the army—a vital object to be gained, or to be thwarted. He was continuously engaged from sunrise until 4 o'clock, P. M., when the Confederates were defeated, without scarcely being seriously engaged. Surely no fault of this young soldier—but a heavy burden

for military incapacity to bear through all coming time. In this engagement, his brigade lost near a thousand men, in killed wounded and prisoners, in endeavoring to check the enemy—his and the Missouri brigade being most heavily engaged, and sustaining almost the entire loss. As to his own personal bearing, it is sufficient to say, that, within half an hour, he had three horses shot from under him, and was slightly wounded himself, but not enough to incapacitate him from duty. His division commander, Gen. Stevenson, complimented him most highly, for his personal gallantry, and for the good conduct of his men. During the siege of Vicksburg, in the celebrated assault of 22d June, his front was heavily assailed by a a massed force of the enemy, carrying a portion of one of the redoubts on his line, and planting several stands of colors in it.—Those colors, defiant emblems of subjugation, nerved him and his brave men with new-born zeal, and a crushing power, which could not be, and was not, successfully resisted. The redoubt was retaken—the stars and stripes were hauled down—the Confederate battle-flag again thrown to the breeze, and one hundred prisoners taken in the breach. When the city was surrendered, the enemy's trenches were within twenty feet of Lee's lines in several places. After the surrender of this stronghold and connecting link between the east and west, Gen. Lee was immediately exchanged. His career had been a continuation of the rich promise given at second Manassas, and made him a Major General. He was assigned to all the cavalry in Mississippi, to operate under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, against Gen. Grant. The latter did not advance farther than Brandon after the capture of Vicksburg, most of his army being withdrawn from Mississippi, and sent to other points. About this time, we think, he started into middle Tennessee, to strike the communications of Rosecrans' army. On arriving at the Tennessee river, near Courtland, he met Major General Wheeler, who had just made his celebrated raid through West Tennessee, and had been compelled to re-cross that stream, pursued by a very large and superior force of the enemy. As General Wheeler returned to Chattanooga, south of the river, Lee did not deem it prudent, for the reasons given, to cross the Tennessee with his small force—but at once threw his command in front of Sherman, who was then moving to re-inforce Grant at Chattanooga, and building the M. & C. railroad from Corinth towards Tuscumbia. He vigorously disputed his advance to the latter point, and had so well and so thoroughly destroyed the railroad in his front, that Sherman was forced to retrace his steps from that point, crossing the Tennessee river at Eastport, and marching to Grant along the north bank.—His efficiency here was so valuable, as to draw special notice from General Bragg. Shortly after this—at what particular time we do not remember—he returned to Mississippi, and engaged in organizing the cavalry.

Sherman's great raid from Vicksburg, aided by the cavalry column under Generals Smith and Grierson from Memphis, coming down through North Mississippi, and by programme to form a junction with the Vicksburg force, was begun in February, 1864. Lee's troops, three brigades of cavalry, were the only troops, that opposed and harrassed his well appointed army of 30,000 men, mostly infantry. Sherman's numbers were discovered, and General Polk, department commander, did not deem it prudent to oppose this force, and retired to Demopolis, Alabama. Sherman's army was constantly annoyed to Meridian

and back. Forrest's brilliant victories at West Point and Okalona over Smith and Grierson, caused the whole enterprise to be abandoned.

In April, 1864, the exigencies of the army of Tennessee, called for more force; General Polk was ordered to re-inforce General Johnston, with *all* of his infantry, and a portion of cavalry, and to turn over the command of his department, consisting of Alabama, Mississippi, West Tennessee, and East Louisiana to Major General Lee—although there were two Major Generals in the department, who were his seniors. Polk took with him to General Johnston all the infantry, even the garrison at Mobile, and the division of cavalry, (three brigades) which he (Lee) had commanded. Thus he was left with the largest department East of the Mississippi, and no troops in it, except General Forrest's division of cavalry, recently raised in Tennessee. The reader must now take in the situation—see this immense department, extending from Tennessee north, to the Gulf of Mexico, and embracing two large States, and nearly one half of two other States:—Memphis and Vicksburg were heavily garrisoned, New Orleans was close at hand for co-operation—the Mississippi river in undisputed possession of the enemy for all practical purposes, and raids frequent and threatening from almost every direction, and here stood this young soldier in this vast field, with but a handful of men and small munitions of war, to defend an empire in territory, menaced by a military power, vast in resources, and with soldiers almost without number.—General Polk had no sooner left for Tennessee, than the enemy watching for weak points, seemingly afraid of equal numbers, commenced their raids into East Louisiana, from Vicksburg, and Memphis. General Forrest, who had just been started into middle Tennessee, was recalled from the river, near Tuscumbia, by General Lee, to meet General Sturgis, who was marching towards the corn country of Mississippi for its destruction. This force, Forrest, always an ace of trumps in an emergency, met and completely routed, with one third of the force of the enemy, and gained the great cavalry victory of the war—Tishomingo Creek. About the same time a large raid, went as far as Jackson from Vicksburg, under General Slocum, and was so harassed by General Wirt Adams, as to return after doing but little damage. After these events, Lee was promoted Lieutenant General—June 23d, 1864.

The sting of disaster at Tishomingo Creek rankled in the Federal flesh. A large and well appointed force of infantry, artillery and cavalry under the command of A. J. Smith (who was brought from Louisiana to repair the disaster) numbering 18,000 men, among them the veteran infantry of that officer,—all concentrated at Memphis. Just at the same time, a large raid started from North Alabama towards Montgomery, under General Rosseau and the 19th army corps under General Franklin, embarked at New Orleans, apparently for Mobile, but really for Washington City to meet General Early. It seemed that nothing, short of divine power, could save the department from devastation and ruin. But the timely results of Harrisburg (the fights 13th, 14th, 15th July, 1864, around Tupelo) saved it intact, and made it stronger than ever. We shall refer to this period again.

Immediately after this battle, General Lee was relieved of the command of his department, and assigned to the command of Hood's corps in the army of the Tennessee—General Hood having taken command of that army in

place of General Johnston—removed. He reported late in July for duty. On the 28th of this month, his corps, with a part of Stewart's corps, was engaged in trying to prevent the enemy from extending his line to the west of Atlanta.—This was a severe engagement, resulting as did the battles of 20th and 22d July in making the enemy more cautious, but without gaining any material advantage. The next engagement of importance was the battle of Jonesboro, in which Lee's and Hardee's corps were engaged. This battle was unsuccessful, and Gen. Hood evacuated Atlanta—retiring with his army to Lovejoy's Station on the Macon rail road. After the fall of Atlanta, General Lee accompanied Hood in his Tennessee campaign. His corps was the first to cross the river at Florence. At Columbia, Tennessee, after the enemy had evacuated the city, and drawn up in line of battle, General Lee, with two of his divisions, occupied the attention of the enemy, while Hood with his two other corps, gained his rear near Spring Hill. Owing to some misunderstanding, the battle did not occur at that place, and the enemy made his escape to Franklin. By whose fault this happened, we confess our ignorance, and never have been able to ascertain. Hood, with a breadth of moral heroism truly sublime, assumed the censure for all the bad management or generalship of the whole campaign. Yet, by this misunderstanding and this alone, the splendid victory so near at hand was lost. At Franklin, a saguinary battle was fought. In it only one division of Lee's corps was engaged, and that after night; it captured several stands of colors. In the battle of Nashville, on the 2d day, Lee's corps was on the right on the Franklin turnpike, and repulsed the enemy in all his assaults—the fight was successful on his part of the field, and his corps withdrew only after the other two corps had abandoned their lines, and the enemy had partially gained the rear. But the enemy was so severely punished, that he could not give pursuit. Lee conducted the retreat with his corps, aided by Forrest's cavalry, the day of the disaster and the following day. His corps alone showed fight, and preserved its organization—so thorough was the defeat—he alone of the infantry baffled the vigorous pursuit—the enemy making every effort to rout this stubborn rear guard, but without success—it was assailed furiously in every direction, and with great gallantry. He himself was painfully wounded in the foot on the evening of the day after the fight, in one of the charges of the enemy, but did not relinquish command until next day. The noble hearted, but unfortunate hero, Hood, complimented him and his corps continually throughout this campaign. As a corps commander, he won great credit, and ranked himself as one of the ablest generals of the war. His wound disabled him for two months—when he joined the army under Jos. E. Johnston in North Carolina—where he was retained as a corps commander in the re-organization of that army. He was paroled with General Johnston's army in April, 1865.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Charity suffereth long and is kind—*thinketh no evil.*

St. Paul.

They (the people of the South) ought to be sent to the penitentiary of hell.—*Hon. Thad. Stevens.*

ALL'S WELL.

—— "Post number one:—'All's well!' Post number two:—'All's well!' and so the assuring cry goes the circuit of the camp."—*Officer's Note-Book.*

'*All's well*'!—How the musical sound,
Is pleasantly smiting the ear,
As the sentinel paces his round,
And carols his tidings of cheer!
Half startled, the soldier awakes,
Recalling his senses that roam;
'Tis but for a moment it breaks
On the dream he was dreaming of home:
'*All's well.*'

'*All's well*'!—Through the lengthening lines,
Each sentry re-echoes the word,
And faint through yon forest of pines,
The distant responses are heard:
On the marge of the nebulous night,
A wavy, reiterate sigh,
It ripples,—then vanishes quite
In the infinite depths of the sky.

'*All's well*'!—In the battle of life,
Does my soul like a sentinel stand,
Prepared to encounter the strife,
With well-burnish'd weapon in hand?
While the senses securely repose,
And doubt and temptation have room,
Does the clear eye of conscience unclose?
Does she listen, and hear through the gloom,—
'*All's well*'?

'*All's well*'!—Can I echo the word?
Does faith wield supremest control?
Have its tender persuasions been heard
In the questionless depths of my soul?
Then fear not: the conflicts, the scars,
The deadly heart-struggles all past,—
Clear voices, that fall from the stars,
Will herald thee victor at last—
'*All's well*'!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE FEMALE WRITERS OF THE SOUTH.

BY MISS E. B. CHEESBOROUGH.

Two ladies, living in a Southern city, met one day, when the following conversation ensued.

"Did you read the tale which appeared in this week's Gazette?

"I did."

"What do you think of it?"

The lady smiled, and asked, "What do *you* think of it?"

"It is so well written," was the answer "that the author must have been a Northerner, for no Southern woman could write so well."

The quiet reply was, "I am a Southern woman, and I wrote the tale myself."

The former lady only echoed a general sentiment; what do facts prove? Let us see.

When "Beulah," with its "metaphysical and philosophic research" first flashed upon the world, and took so deep a hold upon the public mind that it passed rapidly through numerous editions, its admiring readers were astonished to learn that the writer of this deep-thoughted book was a young Southern girl. "Macaria," by the same author, is decidedly the best novel, either North or South, called forth by the late war.—There are few, who will not accord Miss Evans the distinction of being the best female novel writer in America.

For dramatic power, and life-like painting of character, there are few novels, either in England or America, equal to the "Household of Bouverie." Every page glows with the flashings of a genius as original as it is grand.—This "large-brain book," as it has been called, is the production of a Southern woman, Mrs. Warfield.

Marion Harland, Mrs. Terhune, is a Virginian by birth and education. She is one of the most able and popular female novelists of the day. Her works have not only been copied in England, but have been translated into several languages.

As a writer of what may be called novels of society, Mrs. King, of Charleston, has no superior among her Northern sisters. Her *esprit* is peculiarly her own, and she manages her dialogues in a way, which proves that she deserves the reputation she has acquired, of being one of the most brilliant conversationalists of society.

The best and most popular book of European travels written by an American woman is that of Mrs. Le Vert, a Southerner. Replete with her own wondrous vitality, there is not a dull page in the book; and the same success which crowned her preëminently "the American belle," has attended her brilliant word-pictures of sights in Europe.

Amelia Welby, whose gorgeously-tinted "Rainbow," once read, lives forever in the memory like the glorious harmony of a burst of music, was a Southern woman.—With the exception of Alice Carey, there is no female poet in America, whose lute has sent forth strains of such rich and varied harmony, as did that of Amelia Welby.

We have thus seen that among the most able female writers of America are Southern women; and while we by no means detract from the genius of their Northern sisters, happy to recognize it wherever it is to be found, we are pleased to know that the North does not enjoy a complete monopoly of the female brains of the United States. It would be a very remarkable fact if God, who scattered the beauties of river and mountain, sunny glade and smil-

ing valley over the *whole* country, making equally beautiful and equally rich every portion of America's wide domains, bestowed the graces of intellect, the nobility of mind, upon one portion alone, and that portion the North. He has been beneficent to his children alike; and the South is rich in a genius, for which, the world does not give her credit, and which, the Southern people have never properly appreciated themselves. The literature of the South only needs encouragement to prove itself equal to that of the North. Hitherto, there has been so little of this life-giving principle bestowed upon our writers, that the beautiful flowers of Southern genius have drooped and died from actual neglect.

It may be, as the German poet says, that singing-birds to sing well, must be kept in dark cages; but he did not say that it was necessary to starve them too—to refuse *our* singing birds not only the meed of praise, but deny them the more substantial meed of remuneration. The publisher demands pay for his journal, and the printer receives his reward; but the writer, whose articles build up the success of the undertaking, is expected to feel himself amply compensated for his time and labor, by seeing himself in print.

If the South ever expects to build up a literature of her own, she must encourage her own writers and patronize her own publications. There is genius enthroned in majesty on the wide brow of the South, if we would only see it. Let us not do as we have done,—freeze up the flowings of the stream of Southern literature by our coldness, apathy, and neglect. We have stood shoulder to shoulder in a fierce struggle for constitutional liberty; let us stand shoulder to shoulder in whatever will tend to build up the glory and reputation of the South. We have established a name for military genius of which we may well feel proud; let us now bring our white stones, and erect an immortal temple to Southern literature.—We have seen that there is genius among the women of the South, and we know that there is among her men; and all that Southern genius asks is, that its own people would lay their hands upon its head, in a loving benediction.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

BY FANNY DOWNING.

CHAPTER II.

UNINTERESTING BUT ESSENTIAL.

Darker and still more gloomy grew the sky as the carriage, containing the bride and groom, was whirled along by its impatient driver, and at last the heavy clouds discharged themselves in great gusts of rain, which pattered on all they touched with almost the violence of hail stones.

Mr. La Fronde had essayed some remarks, called forth by the state of the weather, condition of the road, and rather dubious prospect of catching the steamboat.—But his manner had been so much that of one who makes a compulsory sacrifice of his inclination, to his sense of politeness, that Camille perceived it, and became

more than ever shy and reserved. Yet, silent as she was, she did not seem unhappy; on the contrary, so far as might be judged from her expression, the fright and agitation she had displayed during her marriage, had given place to a quiet contentment, which, if not happiness, needed only a word of kindness from her husband to become so.

She sat with her hands clasped through the window loop, at her side, apparently observant of nothing but the luxuriance of the woods through which she passed, but every now and then she would lift the long lashes, which lay on her cheeks, and steal timid glances at the face near her, which, resting against the dark lining of the carriage, had its faultless beauty of profile fully revealed.

Gazing at it with the wrapt adoration of a devotee before the pictured semblance of a saint, she gave herself up to one of the most delicate and delicious reveries that ever wreathed itself about a young girl's fancy.

Foremost in the crowd of bright images, which clustered on airy wings about her, was the consciousness that in all the beauty, which rose before her, and in all the perfections, intellectual and spiritual, with which she had invested its possessor, she had an undoubted claim, and an inalienable right.

How her husband, who, to her adoring fancy, towered above her as the angels must have shone over those "daughters of men," for whose smiles they left heaven, could find anything in her worthy of admiration, far less of love, was a mystery too deep for her to solve. But of the fact that he did love her, she was as well convinced as that she was his wedded wife, and that in the life of happiness, which lay before her, she would find a rich indemnification for the many sorrows that some years of monotonous and unappreciated life had produced.

These years comprised the six following the death of her father, and though made up of merely negative happiness, seemed to Camille from her tropic warmth of temperament, and exalted, and vivid imagination, positively miserable.

Brought to Belle Espérance, when she was five years old, her first serious sorrow was occasioned by parting from her only near relatives, on her mother's side, an aunt and uncle, in whose charge she had remained during a long and protracted business, which detained her father in France.

Trouble at five years, however, is of short duration; by the time she had been separated from her relatives a week, had seen the beauties of New Orleans, and been made the possessor of a doll of angelic loveliness, in the eyes of its young mistress, Camille, whose frantic grief at leaving her black mammy, had distressed her aunt and alarmed her father, forgot her completely, and became as oblivious of her Virginia life and its associations, as if they had never existed.

After her domestication at Belle Espérance, her father from his anxiety, caused by her delicate health, and his pity for her motherless condition, made an idol of her, treating her with a blind indulgence, which imposed no rule upon her, but that of her own will, and put into exercise all his varied powers to make her happy. He succeeded so well that she adored him with an unreasoning affection, and had not a thought, or desire, beyond.

The gloom and increasing desolation, which overshadowed Belle Espérance, were more than counterbalanced by the gaiety and inexhaustible flow of spirits, which Mr. La Fronde possessed. A real Frenchman, in the sunny lightness of his disposition as well as in his views of existence, and the purpose for which it is given, his

idea of life was that it should be enjoyed, by all possible means, for the present, and as for the future, a graceful shrug of the shoulders, and "aprés nous le déluge," expressed exactly his easy and mercurial philosophy. Camille occupied to him the position of some delightful and never-wearisome toy, and his only thought connected with the future, was the determination to take her to Paris and give her every advantage, which the great wealth to which she would become heiress on the completion of her eighteenth year, would entitle her.

This education was to begin so soon as she should be sixteen, and in the mean time, her father played with her in the beautiful grounds around Belle Espérance as long as summer lasted; and when winter—if the mildly cold season having that name in Louisiana can properly claim it—came on, danced with her through the long corridors of the old mansion, told her old legends of St. Denis, and the days when the lilies of France bloomed in their pristine glory, or repeated the tales handed down by successive generations, of the honors and romantic deeds of his own illustrious house, in the stormy times preceding the marriage of Henri Quatre.

Related collaterally to the great and good Coligny, the family of La Fronde had always clung to the faith, which he sealed with his pure and noble blood, and this faith, in the case of those who removed to America during the French Revolution, had become merged into a quasi membership with the Episcopal church.

In the process of time, owing to the liberal share of guillotine patronage received by the La Fronde family, and the small number of marriages contracted by a race, which, though possessing a pedigree of undoubted antiquity, had too few of the ancestral manors, or their golden equivalents, to wed those to whom their wishes aspired, and too much pride to pollute their noble blood by an alliance with the *canaille*,—this same illustrious blood was in some danger of becoming extinct.

At the time of Camille's birth its pure currents ran in the veins of only five individuals. Of these, the elder and head of the house was Mr. La Fronde, father of Louis, second cousin of Camille's father, and brother of Miss Jacqueline, or, as she was universally called in the neighborhood, "Mademoiselle." The marriage of the younger Mr. La Fronde, and his long stay in France, made necessary to secure to Camille the inheritance of the valuable estate left her by her father's maternal grand father, but involved in a seemingly hopeless law-suit, had prevented any very great association between him and his cousins.

So when on the death of the proprietor of Belle Espérance, Mr. La Fronde came to take possession of it during the minority of Loui, as a clause in the will of its original founder, obliged him to do, he met Mademoiselle as an entire stranger, though owing to his extreme amiability and elegance of manner, he soon ceased to be one.

In addition to the individual gratification, which the advent of her light-hearted cousin brought to a life so monotonous and circumscribed as that of Mademoiselle, she hailed it as a means by which a golden end might be attained for Loui. He was her only near relative and she gave him all the affection of a heart from which fifty years of personal deformity, partial poverty, and constrained inaction, had not been able to remove all traces of its original tenderness.

Her love for her handsome nephew, who up to his thirteenth year had been her constant companion, was, if possible, exceeded by her inordinate family pride, or

rather, one feeling provoked the other, and both became merged in an indissoluble union.

Cut off from the ordinary avocations of her sex, chained as it were to her chair by a painful and ever increasing affliction, her mind turned to the management of the decayed fortunes of her brother for exercise, and the family chronicles for amusement.

In the investigation of the latter, she found so much cause for self gratulation and pride that she clung to the belief of the superior excellence of her race with a tenacity, which would have been ridiculous had it been less simple-hearted and sincere.

It was the one weakness of her character, amounting in fact, to a monomania, so that although no creature would have ventured so much as a hint to the old lady herself, it was roundly asserted that, could she have substituted her own family name in place of that of Lévin, she would not have hesitated to order a picture as pretentious, as that one over which the world has laughed so heartily.

This original and striking work of art, it will be remembered, represents the passage of Noah and his family into the Ark, followed by the numerous, and with the present ideas of household comfort, exceedingly disagreeable animals. In the arms of one of the sons of the patriarch is carried, most carefully, a large chest on which in gilded letters are distinctly visible these words :

"*Papers relating to the estates of the Lévin family.*"

Be this as it may, the one fixed idea of Mademoiselle's life was a desire for the restoration of the lost wealth and importance of the family, and in Camille and her fortune she saw the rivet by which the broken chain of Loui's fortunes might be fastened and restored to its ancestral strength and brilliancy.

During the life time of her father, Camille had been independent of the society of her kinswoman, as she was indeed of all other kind of companionship, but when with his sudden death, the light and happiness of her young life became extinct, the child turned to Mademoiselle with a sort of shuddering hope that in her she might find some equivalent for her heavy loss.

Thirsting then for something to love, Camille had idealized her cousin and then prepared herself to pour out on her, all the volume of affection, which deprived of its one object was bursting for an outlet, when that affection was checked, not by any thing like unkindness on the part of Mademoiselle, but by her indifference.

As is the case with most women of a masculine turn of mind, Mademoiselle had but little affection for young girls, whom she considered as somewhat inferior creatures made to be ruled by their superiors in age and experience, and possessed of but few ideas beyond a desire to be suitably married.—Of the delicate perceptions and tender susceptibilities of a young girl's heart outside the desire just mentioned, the old lady was profoundly ignorant, and so remained in utter unconsciousness of the yearning desire of Camille for love and affection, looking on her with some degree of family fondness, but considering that her chief value lay in the fact that she was to be the stepping stone of Loui's fortunes.

So the opportunity was lost, the child's feelings of passionate affection forced back upon her own heart, congealed around it, while the burning desire to love and be loved remained beneath them in undiminished force.

Evolving a clear and practicable plan by which her cherished desire might be brought about, Mademoiselle devoted herself to its accomplishment with all the powers of her astute intellect. Very skil-

fully did she begin her advances; without Camille's being conscious of the subtle machinery set in motion around her, Loui had become so completely a portion of her every day life that she felt as if she had been associated in intimate communion with him, ever since her infancy. He was the oracle by which every opinion of his aunt seemed to be decided; stories of his wonderful beauty, his high intellectual endowments, his bravery and his supremacy in all manly pursuits, were daily related to the girl, who received them with the unquestioning faith of her age and sex, and found in them most of the enjoyment of her dull and unoccupied life. There is in the female mind, especially if that mind be one in which imagination is not tempered by judgment, a propensity to idealize and exalt into perfection, such members of the other sex as may be brought into association with its possessor.—This faculty, most appropriately described in an old Scotch song by the name of the "glamour, which he cast upon her," exists in a modified degree, even in cases in which fathers and brothers are concerned, and is undoubtedly the proximate cause of so many of the unhappy marriages daily consummated. Under the influence of this species of enchanted ophthalmia, many a girl, with the conviction that she adores him, marries a man, whom had she met a few years later, she would barely tolerate in her presence. The consequence of such a marriage is but too plainly visible; a few months, it may even be years, of wild unearthly happiness on the part of the self deluding wife, and then the scales fall from her long blinded eyes, and her husband, divested of his imaginary divinity, appears the very antipode of the man to whom she had given her heart's devotion.

What her future life will be, depends on her strength of character, previous training, and to some extent, in surrounding circumstances. Should she possess a calm lymphatic temperament, the disenchanted wife will feel her position simply in the light of a vague sort of disappointment, or sense of having failed to attain a something, the nature of which she feels, but cannot define. Then settling her affections upon her children, or merging them in the cares and pleasures of every day experience, she will drag through a kind of treadmill existence, with scarcely a thought, far less a hope, beyond the boundary of its petty details. Should she be gifted with high intellectual attainments, or possess the fatal inheritance of genius unrestrained by religious principle, heaven guard her, or she is lost! Not lost in the lowest sense of the word, though that alas! too often happens, but lost to all that is highest and holiest in her nature, lost to hope and peace and happiness, while the greatness of her gifts and the height of her attainments only serve to increase her consciousness of the depth and perpetuity of her misery.

Divested of its contemptuous sneer, the infidel remark that the religion of the gospel is a faith for woman, is most strikingly appropriate in the case just presented. Without it, she sinks into a morbidly discontented, or criminally frivolous creature; with it, she rises superior to her trouble, and so uses such trouble that it becomes the crucible, from which she extracts gold seven times refined.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GRIEF.

"A great calamity is as old as the trilobites an hour after it has happened. It stains backward through all the leaves we have turned over in the book of life, before its blot of tears or of blood is dry on the page we are turning."—*Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*

'Twas such a grief, too deep for tears,
Which aged my heart far more than years;
How old it seem'd e'en when 'twas new—
Backward it stained life's pages through,
And e'er another leaf I turned
On all my past its impress burned.
My happy days a mock'ry seemed,
I had not lived but only dreamed,
And then, when first I wished it done,
Life seemed for me but just begun.
Begun in bitter unbelief
That time could dull the edge of grief,
Could give me back my hope and faith,
Or bring me any good but death.
'Twas but a moment—yet to me
It seemed a whole eternity.
I felt how gray my heart had grown,
Its plastic wax was changed to stone,
When misery there its signet set,
Impressing lines which linger yet.
On each fresh leaf of life I find
The shadow of this woe behind,
For though the page at first appears
Unsullied by the mark of tears,
They'll blister through before 'tis read—
A real grief is never dead.
Its iron finger, stern and dark,
Leaves on the face and heart its mark,
As quickly cut—as plainly told—
As that the die stamps on the gold,
Though read aright perchance alone
By those who kindred grief have known
Like Mason's signs which seem but naught
Although with deepest meaning fraught.
The grief which kills is silent grief,
For words, like tears, will bring relief,
Husband and wife from each conceal
The wounds which are too deep to heal.
But oh—when hope and faith seem dead—
While many a page must yet be read,
And in despair the heart doth sigh
And wish with them it too might die,
Remember that no night's so dark
But we can see some little spark,
And patient wait till dawning day
Shall its red line of light display;

For if we keep our Love alive,
Our faith and hope shall both revive.
Thus as Life's ladder we ascend,
Our Hope shall in fruition end,
Our Faith be lost in sight at length,
Our Charity increase in strength,
And grief which stamps the heart and mind,
But coin the gold Love has refined.

TENELLA.

THE SORROWFUL SON.

Mr. Ungell Psalm had a numerous, an intelligent and interesting family of sons, who cheered him by their society, and aided him in his farm-work. Owning, however, vast fields of enclosed grounds and almost boundless forests of primeval growth, he thought it necessary to call in foreign labor to help his sturdy, but not fully developed lads. The Irish, the German, the Englishman,—all nationalities were employed.—These readily accommodated themselves to the new style of living, and soon learned the new mode of cultivation. The golden harvests, the purple vineyards, the green meadows, the lowing cattle, the bleating sheep, and the frolicsome goats attested the prosperity of farmer Psalm. Successful in business and blessed in his family, the good man would have been the happiest of human beings, but for the melancholy nature of Charley, his favorite son. This saturnine youth kept most religiously all the Fast days of the church, but he loathed the Festivals, as the devices of Satan. The errors and misdemeanors of his brothers, too, vexed his righteous soul from day to day. He would come with tears in his eyes to his father and tell him how George had whispered in church, how Ala had forgotten the text, and how Louis, (fat, lazy boy!) had actually nodded! And then on work days, he was so grieved that Tom's furrow was not a straight line by several whole inches, that George had galloped the plough-horse to water, and that Louis had been at the fiddle, when he ought to have been at the hoe! Over all these sins, he mourned deeply and wept bitterly. Once, the good minister noticed his emotion in church and came up to him after the services were over, to offer him consolation. "I observed your agitation, my dear boy, during the sermon. Is your conscience burdened with a sense of guilt"? "Oh!" said the penitent boy, bursting into tears, "my heart is breaking, brother Ala is such a sinner"!

In process of time, the boys grew up to manhood and married: and the worthy farmer settled them around him. They were to be absolute masters of their own places, but he reserved to himself certain ill-defined rights and a certain indefinite control of their affairs, and he required them to pay in, annually, a proportional amount to the general family-fund for the benefit of the whole. Charley located near the water and engaged in fishing and raising onions. George, Ala, Louis and Tom went to the southern end of the great plantation and engaged in

farming, with quiet earnestness.—The other sons of the numerous household settled on the north, east, and west, around the old homestead. All were industrious, thrifty and frugal. The old farmer thought himself the most blessed of men and the happiest of fathers. Charley, however, soon made him feel that this world is not a resting place. He had employed some half-savage apprentices, but finding their labor wholly profitless to himself, he disposed of their time to his four brothers on the lower end of the plantation, and made thereby a large amount of money. Some days after, he came to the old farmer, saying "Father I want you to make your *sons* let their apprentices go off and work for themselves." "Did your *brothers* pay you for the apprentices?" inquired Ungell Psalm. "Yes," said the sorrowful son. "Has the term of the indenture of the apprentices expired?" "No." "How then can I make your brothers give them up? I will not do it." "But, father," urged Charley with the great tears rolling down his cheeks, "'tis *so wicked* to keep those apprentices, I wept over it all night. My eyes are swollen this morning, and my head aches dreadfully. Oh! how deeply do I repent of the sins of my brothers"! But the old farmer would not listen to his prayers, and declared that the liberation of the apprentices would be contrary to the articles of agreement adopted by all the family. Then Charley went home in a sad frame of mind, lowered the wages of all his servants, proclaimed a fast, and wept very sore on account of the cruelty of his brothers.

"Father," said the sorrowful son, on another occasion, "I want you to make my brothers pay me for catching fish." "Do they not pay you for the fish when caught?" inquired the old man. "Yes, but I am their brother, the same blood flows in my veins, which flows in theirs. A liberal bounty to me would enable me to compete successfully with that bluff John B—who will otherwise force my fish out of market. Should not my own dear brothers be willing to encourage home enterprise"? "You reason well, my darling boy," said the father, "your brothers shall pay you for the fish and for catching them also. Domestic industry must be fostered and developed." And then Charley went home and told his wife, Mehetable, how rich he was growing and what poor thriftless fellows his farmer-brothers were. So in his great sorrow for them, he lowered the wages of his servants, proclaimed a fast and with a loud and bitter cry bewailed the bad management of his brothers.

The next day, Charley was again at the homestead. "Father, no other boats than mine should carry to market the produce of Tom, George, Ala, and Louis. Put a tax upon all other boats, so that I may get the job. Have I not been at great expense in fitting up my boats? Why should not my brothers patronise me? Am I not bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh"? "You are right, my precious son," said the kind father. "All other boats shall be taxed. Yours alone shall have the carrying trade. I am resolved to encourage home enterprise."

Charley went home told his dear Mehetable that he could now charge his brothers what he pleased for carrying their produce; that they were poor thriftless fellows utterly unfit to get along in the world; that there was a judgment of Heaven upon them for not liberating their apprentices, &c., &c. Then he lowered the wages of his servants, proclaimed a fast, and with anguish of soul repented of the unkindness of his brethren on the lower end of the farm.

Once more the sorrowing and sorrowful son goes to the old homestead. "Father, *dear* father, I

have an excellent shop for the manufacture of farming utensils, I have a shoe factory, and a cloth factory, and can supply all that my brothers need. Why do you allow them to buy from John B— and Jacques F—, who love them not? Am I not their brother, and does not my heart beat tenderly towards them? Am I not grieved for their misdemeanors, and sick at soul for their sins?—Make them buy all their supplies from their devoted brother!—Should not home industry be protected"? "You are right, my dear son," said the good father, "I will put a tax upon every pedlar, who comes upon my farm. The proceeds shall go to the general family-fund. Domestic enterprise must be fostered. We must be independent of the world and be a loving family at home."

So the pedlars were driven off, and the brothers bought their farming implements, their shoes and their clothing from the sorrowful son. Full of compassion for the want of energy, of economy, and of *cuteness* in his four brothers, he went home and told Mehetable of his increasing wealth and their increasing poverty; and how they would certainly come to the Poor House, as a judgment for keeping the apprentices, he had sold to them. Therefore, he lowered the wages of his servants, ordered a fast to be observed by all his household, and shed tears of pity on account of the impenitence of his four brothers on the lower end of the farm.

With a sad countenance, the sorrowful son goes yet once more to the homestead. "Father, the general family-fund is for the benefit of all your sons. I wish to improve my farm. Let me have the seven-eighths of the money and I will expend it wisely and well."—The gracious father answered, "Certainly, my darling, I approve of internal improvement.—You shall have the money." So the sorrowful son went home, told Mehetable of his power and his grandeur, and of the misery of his wicked brothers, becoming poorer every day, under the curse sent upon them for keeping the apprentices, whom he had sold to them. So he made his household fast, and he himself wept over the crimes of his four brothers on the lower end of the farm.

Wealth now poured into the lap of the sorrowful son. He was paid for catching fish, and he was paid for the fish. He was paid his own price for carrying the crops of his brothers to market. He was paid his own price for all the family supplies that he sold them. He was allowed to draw all he wanted from the general family-fund. All his schemes of self-aggrandizement prospered, under the kindly assistance of his indulgent father.—Grown now great and powerful, he looked with much scorn and undisguised contempt upon the poverty of his four brothers. It grieved him too, that their apprentices were so degraded as to be happy instead of miserable, and that by their sleekness and joyfulness they brought reproach upon his own sallow-looking and sour-tempered domestics. So he mourned over the corruption of human nature, and devised other schemes of benevolence.

In the midst of his riches and mourning, his prosperity and weeping, a great sorrow has to come upon the godly Charley.—He learned one day that his brothers at the lower end of the farm had bought a large tract of land, and that their father had gone security for the payment of the debt. He went to the old homestead in a great rage. "Father, how do you expect to pay for this land"? "Out of the family-fund," replied the old man. Almost bursting with fury, Charley screamed out—"You are partial to your four helpless, inefficient sons.—You will ruin us all to enrich

those thriftless fellows. The ban of Heaven is upon them for keeping the apprentices. How dare you help such wretches? I will *secede*, I will go off to myself, I will have nothing to do with the old farm. *Let it slide.* Who cares? The whole system, under which we are living, is a *covenant with death and a league with hell!* I abjure it and spit upon it"!

And then he went home, cursed his wife and his children, beat his man-servants and his maid-servants, put sack-cloth upon his loins and ashes upon his head, and sat down upon the ground for seven days and nights mourning over the awful wickedness of his father and repenting of the sins of his brothers.

A deeper humiliation still awaited the sorrowful son. His language was so offensive to his four brothers that George went to one of the noisy *brooks* on his farm, cut a small cane on its banks, and with it chastised the melancholy Charley, in the very presence of his father. Charley begged most piteously, and when he was released from his infuriated brother, he said sweetly that he forgave him for the flogging. His father praised him for his noble spirit, and banished the wicked George from his presence. And then Charley went home, and in the recesses of his chamber, he kneeled down and with no eye upon him but the All-Seeing One, he registered an oath in Heaven that he would visit his vengeance upon his brothers unto the third and fourth generation. Is it not written in the Chronicles of the family of Ungell Psalm, how faithfully he kept that oath and how he burned the houses of his four brothers, desolated their farms and turned their wives and children out to perish?

ANDENKEN.

BY E. G. POLK.

There's a pang in the breast! but we mention it not,
As we plod on our way in fulfilling our lot.
There's a pang in the breast, which words cannot measure,
That aches when we think of our lov'd, but lost treasure.

There's a pang in the breast! but we mention it not
As we plan for the morrow some new worldly plot.
Yet oh! deeply, most deeply, the aching pang trills,
When his place on the morrow, *but vacancy fills.*

There's a pang in the breast! but we mention it not,
But never, oh! never is its paining forgot.
And though coldly we speak, or though happily smile,
Still the heart aches the same—and forever—the while.

There's a pang in the breast! but we mention it not
As in sadness we stand by each deeply lov'd spot,
Where we welcom'd, or talked to, or roam'd with our boy,
Never dreaming *such sorrow* would darken our joy.

There's a pang in the breast! but we mention it not,
Though the up-rising tear, so scalding and hot,
Trace its way o'er our cheeks, and fall moistening the sod
That covers the grave, we love *just less than our God.*

There's a pang in the breast! but we mention it not,
At the cold, cruel attempt, his sweetness to blot
From the tablet of memory, sacred and dear,
Where 'twas painted by love for many a long year.

There's a pang in the breast! but we mention it not
When we think of the times, he has stood by the cot
Of the Humble, and Lowly, and talked with their dames
As freely as if titled with Royalty's names.

There's a pang in the breast! And we mention it *then*
When we think that for never, ah! *never* again
Will his bright beaming genius flash over our way,
Our duties to lighten, and our love to repay.

There's a pang in the breast! And we mention it then
When we look to the Future with dim, mortal ken,
And can nothing discern, but a dull, clouded plain
All *damp*, *wet*, and *dreary*, with a cold, sobbing rain.

There's a pang in the breast! And we mention it then
When we're drawn in our "Home" from the cold haunts of men,
When we see in our center, a "vacant chair" stand,
And we miss the soft touch of a late "vanish'd hand."

There's a pang in the breast! but 'tis sooth'd as we think
How he stood like a man on the cold river's brink.
Nor shivered, when plunged 'neath its wild, raging foam,
For he knew 'twas the way to his own Father's Home.

There's a pang in the breast! but 'tis sooth'd when we think
That though parted on Earth, we are bound by a link
That no mortal can break, to the Haven of Rest,
To the last "happy home" of the *Good* and the *Blest.*

Salisbury, Maryland.

LOVE OF NATURE.—He who has a love for Nature can never be alone. In the shell he picks up on the shore, in the leaf fading at his feet, in the grain of sand, and in the morning dew, he sees enough to employ his mind for hours. Such a mind is never idle. He studies the works of his Maker, which he sees all around him, and finds a pleasure, of which the devotee of sin and folly can form no conception.—*Exchange.*

THE TEXAS SOLDIER.

ROAD-SIDE STORIES.—NUMBER III.

CHAPTER I.

"I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring or more bold is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds."

Donald is handsome! Don't you think so? Now do not smile and tell me every woman says that of *her* husband. Look for yourself; there he stands—medium size, well formed; not more of the athlete than is necessary to show manhood, ruddy brown complexion, luminous eyes of bluish grey, and short curly hair, with features, where intelligence and good humour struggle for the mastery. Let me tell you our story. Well! he says he fell in love with me in June, 1863.—I remember the day; it records the death in the hospital, ward four, of a poor fellow, from rheumatism of the heart. While I nursed him, he was in the habit of calling me Mary in his delirium and fancied me his wife. A few minutes before his death, he called me and whispered, "sing to me, Mary." I made the effort but my voice failed in the solemnity of the scene. Another voice took up the strain and we sang together, "Jesus, lover of my soul."—The sufferer became composed, smiled and died saying, "Mary, my wife!" The sun, at that moment stole through the window from the east, and a genial, golden ray rested on the dead man's face. It seemed a bow of promise conquering the darkness of the grave!

It was my future husband who sang with me, but I knew him not. A mystery it is, how the sudden revelations of love come to us in this life. Clouds whirl by unnoticed and silent until an electric flash reveals the wonders of attraction! So with hearts—we pass and repass as strangers, until in each is lighted up a ray which reflects upon the other.

As I passed out of the room, where the dead soldier was lying, my dress brushed his hand. Long afterwards, he told me, that he then called me his own; but I walked on alone, unconscious of his presence and scarcely observing him.

My uncle had often told me of a Texas friend—what was my surprise at being informed by him, that this friend was wounded, and had been ordered to his hospital. All of our patients who had recovered had gone to the front; and my uncle's friend was brought to our house. I went to see the new patient and found Donald Stuart, who had sung with me at the couch of the poor soldier. He seemed to lose his self-command as I approached, and I, too, shrank from his magnetic eyes. Had we met before? Where? He recalled the mournful scene to my memory.

While an inmate of my home, we learned his history. He was a soldier of Johnston's army, and had left a widowed mother and sister in his native home upon the banks of the Nueces—had been once a prisoner, and was then recovering from his second wound. Those were delightful evenings, when the convalescent grew strong enough to be led out on the veranda, where he and my uncle with their pipes, and mother and myself, with our knitting, forgot the troubles of the times. My uncle told many a mournful story of hospital life, while Donald recalled

cheerful incidents of the camp; sometimes pausing with unaffected pathos, to pay a tribute to some comrade who in battle had happily been spared the bitter realities of the end! How I loved to listen, sitting by the low window with my eyes towards the river, thrilled with sweet fancies of the night's calm beauty, and my heart's blood bounding as he told of deeds of glory under the banner of Cross and Stars! Donald's nature then seemed to me, a singular mixture of boyish enthusiasm, with strange ideas of spiritual existence, and reverence for things beyond this material world. I felt that he was indeed the man, who in battle dashed forward *from the ranks* and in a hand to hand conflict with the ensign of the opposing forces, planted the tri-colors within a few yards of the foe, proudly defiant with the flag of his adversary beneath his feet, and returning amidst the shouts of comrades, unhurt while the leaden torrent poured upon his path, could yet blush like a boy and say, "Thank God, it was my mother's prayers!"

June was reposing calmly upon earth and sky, dreamy and beautiful, the shadow of the line between summer and spring. Donald went away, and July, with warm, stifling breath came down upon us.

I sat with my face on my arms which rested on the window sill, just at that time which divides light from darkness. There was that reflection from the sky upon the earth, which enables one to see an object against the horizon. A bird flitted by, sank into the shade of a tree, and directly poured out the dismal hooting of an owl. Terrible anticipations of evil stirred my unshed tears.—Like sentinels at the portals of grief, they stood ready to leap forward at this gloomy cry of the sad-omened bird of night. Weird imaginations crowded upon my mind. The trembling rays of the rising moon threw the window panes into ghastly coffin-shaped images upon the floor at my feet. The quivering shadows of the vine over the window penciled themselves into dark and swiftly changing hieroglyphics, as they played upon the fluttering curtain. I shook with cold, and wondered why all nature was so calm, so happy, how flowers could bloom, stars shine, and the moon sail so peacefully upon her sparkling azure sea, while such agony of thought surged in my brain. Has the soul, said I, no power to give, from its higher reason, consolation for miserable human life? I looked beyond the stars, and uttered a prayer that He who holds His throne therein, would send back triumphant from the battle fields, those whose heroism had conquered the affections. Tears came to my relief and my heart grew lighter as I wept, for the father whose kiss was on my forehead, for kindred, friends and foes; and though I did not speak his name; far down in the depths of my heart was a voiceless, earnest supplication for one whose eyes had looked into mine, whose breath had touched my ear with one soft, but ever to be remembered word.

CHAPTER II.

"So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
Or monument to ages; and thereon
Offer sweet smelling gums and fruits and flowers."

It was the fourth of July; that day which came with bloody hands to revel at the feasts of war. For *us*, it recalls the fall of Vicksburg, and opens a sepulchre where we see the bones of our kindred and friends. Ah, let us pass with unsandalled feet, and heads bowed low in sorrow, into the sacred

presence of a sleeping nation's dead sons! Great drops of agony fall from our hearts, as we pass by blood stained swords and tattered flags to honor *her* sons and kneel beside *our own!*

At Vicksburg, my mother became a widow, and I, fatherless! It was long before Donald came; the time was too sad, too long to count. Grief such as mine, which mourns a father's death, in the absence of the only one who entirely sympathizes, has no dial to mark the hours. There was no sunshine to leave its mark and all was blank darkness.

But I felt that Donald would return, and one evening, as I lay upon a low couch in the parlor, watching the sun as it sank slowly down, painting every moment longer and longer the shadows of the elms upon the grass, Donald came into the room as if he had been gone but a day. The pall that rested on me was lifted, and a ray of joyous hope lit up my heart. He took my hand, said nothing, and yet, I was comforted.

To overcome the sad memory of my father's death, which came like a phantom amidst the consolations of his presence, he repeated the legend of one, whose ring had the wonderful faculty of changing its hues with the spirit of the wearer. Was he sad, the ring was dim; if happy, the ring glowed with unsullied brightness.—The owner died, when he was old, as martyrs die battling for the right, so the ring paled and grew lustreless until another wearer warmed it into life again.—"Your wan face," said he, "is my precious Turquoise ring; amidst all your sorrows, let my love be the magic wand to retouch it with roses again!" His bright eyes were upon me, and again I heard that one word, which had been so much to me in his absence, which he had uttered when we parted. Thus we became one; and a new life dawned upon us.

CHAPTER III.

"I cite you by each deadly sin,
That e'er has soiled your hearts within;
I cite you by each brutal lust,
That e'er defiled your earthly dust;
By wrath, by pride, by fear,
By each o'ermastering passion's tone,
By the dark grave, and dying groan,
I cite you at your Monarch's throne,
To answer and appear!"

We were not to be married until the war was over. Long sad months followed our parting, for my accepted and chosen husband pined away for his sunny home, in close dreary confinement at Camp Chase. Days came and went, sorrows and privations accumulated. While August garnered up her golden grain, the grim reaper bound his human sheaves on many a hard fought battle field. September beheld the land in clanging arms. October, wistful-eyed and scarlet crowned, trailed her gorgeous garments with queenly bearing to the last, and winter cold and drear came on. Through all the toil, suspense, and sickness of the soul, those four years seem a mingled dream compared with the fearful distinctness which marks the 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th, of February, 1865; as giants of days, drenched with gore and wrapped in flame. Sherman's army reached the right bank of the Congaree, opposite Columbia on the 16th, our forces having burned the bridges over that river as well as Broad and Saluda. Picket shots exchanged across the river startled the calm of waiting; men rushed from post to post, anxious eyes scanned eagerly each livid face for hope, nerving themselves for endurance and lifting unceasing prayers for victory. But why tell of the painful suspense with which we watched the movements of our men, of the long sleepless terror-crowded hours of

watching and waiting for the end? On the 17th, the 15th army corps entered the city, and loud explosions announced that the carnival of horror had begun. Fire broke out in the neighborhood of Charlotte Depot, crowds of intoxicated soldiery paraded the streets, brandishing torches and throwing them recklessly in every direction; public and private buildings shared the same fate, goods were hurled pell-mell into the streets, women pleading for protection shoved ruthlessly aside, and little children hurled from the path of the army of the destroyer. "Destroy" was the order, and destruction followed. Fire, fire, blood and smoke, plundering men, shrieking women, cowering over their children to save them from falling firebrands, troops of yelling horsemen, mingled in smoke and dust, shouting their taunting curses on our ears brought to mind the massacre of St. Bartholomew when nor age, nor sex, nor sect were spared. The great human Juggernaut rolled on over blackened wastes, and broken hearts in his onward to the sea! Oh for a word so true to cruel hate and wrong, that I need not speak that name! All language fails! And to the homeless, hungry thousands who congregated in the grounds of the Lunatic Asylum, there is but one word to express their suffering, and that is—*Sherman*. How futile are his efforts to shift the scorn of his heartless destruction of the Carolinas! How harmless fall his foul aspersions upon the character of General Hampton! While that hero's name is honored and beloved as a synonym for truth, honor and valor, the word *Sherman* means, to the women of the South, *murder*, *arson* and *shame*. The wretched time wore on, profane ribaldry, and snatches of fierce songs from hundreds of throats sounded above the roar, as the rejoicings of fiends incarnate, over doomed and dying souls. My brain throbs to recall the terrific phantasmagoria of debauchery, revelling, insults, and mocking hilarity. The soldiers, to whom we pleaded for protection, replied with oaths and laughter, that not one rebel should be left to tell the tale, and excused their plundering on the plea that the fire would consume what they did not, while they rushed from door to door carrying torches, matches, burning cotton, or any combustible material to spread the conflagration. The wind was at its height, in a short time the lurid flames were beyond control, still not one word did I hear from officers or men in the endeavor to check the spirit of destruction; on the contrary, men in high command rode about coolly as if orders were being carried out to their intense satisfaction, or hurried from place to place with faces lit with the beastly joy of triumphant hate.—The destruction of public edifices we expected, entertaining no hope of their preservation. Our Capitol, the pride of the State and of the South, which had received the highest tributes to the rare taste and skill displayed by its architect, presented a target of huge dimensions to the enraged enemy.—Fires were heaped around its corner stones, entrances broken and defaced, the eagles shattered, and the exquisite imitation of the oak leaves of South Carolina were hacked off with swords and bayonets. Not satisfied with injuries done to that part of the building which was completed, all the material found in its precincts was destroyed. Forty sculptured corinthian capitals of native marble, sixty of wrought Italian, intended for the large Assembly Hall, polished shafts from sister States, a balustrade to crown the structure, a terrace to encircle its base, granite, marble, colossal models and statues, including 'basso relievo' figures of John C. Calhoun, Mc-

Duffie, and Hayne—were mingled in common ruin, as mute fulfilments of prophetic genius!

Libraries, busts and costly pictures were thrown from public or private buildings as fuel to the flames, or sent with masses of silver, jewelry, costly clothing, and ornaments, back to camp, and doubtless thence to the quiet homes of the North, as trophies of the famous victory.

A committee of ladies went in person to Gen. Sherman, craving mercy. "Do not come to me for protection," said he, "I am your enemy and destroyer."

"To whom shall we go?"

"To Davis, Lee, Beauregard and Johnston."

"God knows they would protect the women of the North were they invaders," said a spirited woman, "but we are in *your* hands, defenceless women and children at your mercy."

"Go to Wheeler," shouted he, angrily; "You made war upon our government and chose other protection, when you fired upon our flag; seek it now."

"Oh, why do you burn our town?"

"I do not burn it. Your husbands, brothers, fathers and sons, set fire to every city in the South; they kindled the torch at Fort Sumter; it reached you last night. You proposed to take care of yourselves—go to your proud chivalry for relief."

"Can we leave the city for Charleston?" asked another lady.

"Go along," he replied, "wherever you please. I don't care where you go. When my army enters Charleston, not one stone shall be left upon another."

An officer shouted to a woman in black—"Where's your husband?" She did not reply.—"Humph, you proud rebel devils, wear your mourning and be d—d." Another with a nasal whine and hideous grin, rejoined—"Marry again and send us another, we'll bury 'em fast as you send 'em—hell's full of sich." "Dew tell," added another; "You aren't gwine to cry, pretty?" These chaste speeches were received by the crowd with uproarious laughter and applause, and are softened specimens of what can be heard from ladies of refinement and influence in society, as well as from the lips of noble women, dedicated to the service of God, who were driven from their sacred home by fire and sword. The sanctuary of home, the temples of "The Most High," with the monuments to the dead, lie shameful records of the fact that Sherman's army waged war, not only upon women and children, but beyond the living, *even unto the tomb*. There were women who envied the silent sleepers of the grave, innocent victims of horrors from which we gladly avert the eye. When the white hand of Truth shall record their wrongs upon the blushing cheek of History, nations will repeat the cry wrung from the lion-hearted prisoner of Fortress Monroe—"Oh, the shame, the shame."

I think it was the night of the 18th, I secured a guard by promises to share anything that was left. Although our house had been rifled of almost everything of value, we were thankful that the flames had not deprived us of shelter. My mother, enfeebled by grief and excitement, fell into a troubled slumber, while I walked from window to window keeping watch, glancing at intervals toward her white face and sunken eyes, or gazing in lonely yearning upon the trees that sheltered my father's grave. The camp-fires gilded the ruins around us with a mockery of splendor, as lurid dashes and a roar of dreadful sounds followed each other successively. How many thousands kept a weary watch like me, starting at every shadow and listening to every sound? Was it fancy, or did a shadow of a man fall across the sward between me

and the family burying ground? My heart stood still as I whispered, "Donald!" I felt that he would come, and looked for him every hour. He had not had time to reach his regiment. When he learned of the fate, which had already befallen Barnwell, Graham, Blackwell, Buford's Bridge, Orangeburg, Pomona, Camden, and Cheraw, he would tremble for Columbia, and retrace his steps at all hazards, to save me and my mother. It grew dark; there were swift steps across the open space, and the next flash disclosed a retreating form in the shadows under the window. A sudden fear seized me; it might not be Donald. I leaned out, straining my eyes eagerly into the darkness, my trembling fingers clenching the casement; another flash, a roll of paper, like a little white bird, darted through the air, whirred over my head and fell on the floor. Kneeling down by the shaded lamp, with beating heart and quivering hands, the seal was torn with eager haste, and behold—*a Turquoise ring!* Donald had come, thank God! My whole frame reeled with the sudden shock of joy, while I rained tears and kisses on the sweet and silent token of the presence of my beloved. What could I give him in return? What answer to the heart so tender, fond and true? I looked around in vain. What was there left to give? A pair of scissors shone on the carpet; in a second they were in my grasp; a nett torn from my hair, and the first heavy strand that fell was severed—ah, then, what signal could be given? What could be seen and not heard? I clasped my hand to my brow and bit my lips in impatience at my palsied brain; the flickering lamp attracted my attention, and I almost laughed with delight at the thought suggested by the box of matches lying beside it; half a dozen were broken in haste, and at last the small blue flame flashed into space. Again I leaned out, scarcely daring to breathe, and heard the voice I knew so well whisper, "Waiting." Lit another match and saw my hair circle down in yellow rings at my lover's feet. The revulsion of feeling was great, the corded nerves relaxed, and in a happy consciousness of security, I sank into the heavy sleep of exhaustion, from which I awoke suddenly, unconscious that any sound had disturbed me. Listening intently, stealthy steps were heard in the hall; wide awake in an instant I sprang to the window, the treacherous guard was gone, and with that discovery I saw a ray of light under the door; it was locked and bolted, but springing with my whole weight against it, I demanded, in as bold a voice as I could command, who was there? "Nobody that will hurt you, honey." Recognizing my nurse's voice, I opened the door quickly, glad of the company of a faithful slave. Grasping me in her arms, she whispered—"De Lord save us, Miss Kate, dere's white and black yankees in de house."—Calming her as much as possible, we crouched down against the door, with my mother who had been awakened by her entrance, and listened to her recital of how they had driven the negroes from their houses, and by threats and bribery extorted disclosures from them, she alone had been faithful, and escaped to warn us. The poor creature brought proof of her story, for her wrist had been twisted out of joint in the struggle. While we were binding it up, there was a rush, a crash against the door, and four hideous faces were in the room. Two were negroes, one a yankee officer, and the other, *our guard.* "Bring out your silver"—"hand over the chink"—"devilish quick too, the less fuss about it the better"—said they simultaneously. While my mother explained to them that nearly

every article of consequence had been given up to supply the wants of our men in the field, I seized the opportunity of dropping Donald's ring in my bosom. "We'll go to work boys, fire will bring out the secret," said the officer.—"No money; no silver?" added another, seizing me in his rude grasp. Mother screamed as she sprang to my side, and the old negress fell at their feet imploring mercy for us. She was kicked out of the way, and we were hurled to the wall, with pistols to our breasts, while trunks and drawers were thrown in every direction, and lighted matches scattered around us. "Oh, my God, save my mother!" "I'll save her," answered a negro, who tore her from my arms and hurled her out of the window. Mounting the sill to follow, I was pulled by my hair to the floor, and driven to the bitter extremity of despair, prayed to the ruffians, told them where our last treasures were concealed, while their wild, drunken laughter and curses sounded in my ears.

"Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone:
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone."

Where was Donald? Oh, why did he not come? For the first time, I thought of how silently these monsters had come, and that Donald would wait for a signal.—With the same flash of reason came a remembrance of a brace of pistols concealed in the room.—Animated with renewed strength, I watched for a safe moment, reached the spot and drew them forth. They turned upon me, I fired, and with closed eyes and lips paralyzed to silence, left the issue in the hands of God. I heard flying steps, an answering cry, saw Donald with the arm of a giant and the stern face of an avenging angel, and knew no more!

When I awoke, after weeks of physical and mental suffering, in an humble shed among kind ministering friends, it seemed a painful dream. But the broken shaft of marble over my father's grave, and the grassy mound beside it, proclaim my orphanage sadly, as the blackened ruins near by testify the poverty of one, of many, who received their heritage of glory, and alas, of calamity by Southern birth! Quick; raise that window; give me air! The horror is upon me again! The sickening swoon of memory has come!

CHAPTER IV.

WESTWARD, HO!

The war was over. When the danger was past, and my system gave promise of recovering from the shocks that followed in rapid succession, Donald came to bid me good-bye, to leave me for his mother and sister, for his Texas home. I smiled. His face paled, and my heart smote me for my apparent indifference, though I laid my hand in his, still smiling, and asked: "Why should I be sad about it, Donald?"

"Why?" echoed he reproachfully.

"There's no use in sadness, dear; I am going with you."

"You? Are you mad? Has my little Turquoise been shorn of her senses along with her hair?"

"My senses remain uninjured, Don. Stuart. I offer my humble self as an escort, page, attendant, boot-black, or anything else your highness may require on this perilous journey, most excellent Don."

He laughed a merry, boyish laugh, kissed my hand and bent his knee to receive the order of knighthood from his lady-love. I crossed my hands on his bended head, and with mock gravity continued—"Thou art worthy, brave and true; in the name of St. Michael and St. George, I dub thee

Knight of the Southern Cross!" He threw up his hands, imprisoned mine to steal a kiss, which would not have been permitted for anything in the world, but, but—ah, you know how it was—I could not help it. Want of money was urged; ha, that was funny! The bare idea of money in a grey-jacket pocket made me laugh; but what was that to us with youth, health, strength and loving kindness for our portion? My mind was made up, and there were no obstacles in my view which determination could not overcome; why shrink at the outset when the long stretch of life lay before us? We were married. Uncle gave away the bride, and left a little purse in her palm when he bade good-bye. Our honeymoon has been spent in the forests, with God, the sunshine, blue skies, moonlight, star-light, birds and flowers for company. When we get home, it will be two thousand five hundred miles from dear old Carolina. I have not walked all the way; Donald has lifted me to his broad shoulders many a time, and passing vehicles have frequently rested us with a ride. Every one has been so kind; houses have been thrown open, and home-hearths lit to hear our story. Our knapsacks are not heavy, a change of clothing in each, and a gift or two from our friends; so we go on our way rejoicing, and Donald whistles as we go. There are moments of suffering connected with the past, but I lay them aside, sealed with the motto of the Confederate States of America—"Deo Vindice." He ordereth all things well. We are nearly home, where a new mother and sister await me. I am the happiest woman in the world; the queen of my husband's heart and he is the king of mine! Here is a gem I would not exchange for all the vast possessions of the North—*my precious Turquoise ring!*

The young Texan came in noiselessly while his wife was speaking, stood at the back of her chair until the story was finished, and kissed her. We all laughed, looked happy and foolish; no one knew what to do with themselves, except an old bachelor, who threw up his hat with, "three cheers for the Soldier's Bride!"

LIZETTE'S LESSON.

You are lovely and young, Lizette—
Raven ringlets and eyes of blue,
Dimpled cheeks of the carmine hue
In the heart of the musk-rose met.
All of your lovers, near and far,
Call you rose-bud—dew-drop—star.—
Roses wither and buds decay,
Dew-drops sparkle and fade away,
Stars grow dim, in their circles set—
Woman fades faster than all, Lizette!

All God's beautiful things, Lizette,
Not for themselves are made so bright,
—Not for him, shines the sun's warm light,—
Each to another owes a debt;—

He has the most, who pays it best—
Who gives fre'st, is happiest!
Human hearts, if you wish to win,
Dwell as a cherish'd guest therein,
Make them brighter and better—let
Love be the magic you use, Lizette!

Life means laughing to you, Lizette!
Never has sorrow, want, nor care
Laid one line on your forehead fair,
Never a tear your eyelids wet.
Youth and beauty, and mirth and health,
Rank and station, and wit and wealth,
Love and learning, and joy and hope,
Span your lot with silvery scope.—
Value your earthly blessings, yet
Seek the true treasures above, Lizette!

God has granted you much, Lizette;—
Cast not His precious gifts aside,
Nor in a napkin folded, hide,
Rust to ruin, and moth to fret.—
You have five talents—make them ten,
Ready the Master's reck'ning, when
Trembling you stand—heaven not yet won—
Judged for deeds in the body done.
So may this sentence, yours be set:
"Enter the joys of thy Lord."—Lizette!

FANNY DOWNING.

LIFE IN BATTERY WAGNER.

I am driven, O critical and objectant reader, to this form of narrative by mere honesty—so great is my ignorance of military terms and principles—so small—literally nothing—my opportunities to observe the general facts—that I could not, without fraud upon your patience, pretend to anything more than a sketch of what I felt, and saw, in that dreadful, but glorious, war-cavern.

I was Chaplain of one of the regiments, selected to garrison the fort in rotation, and had danced attendance for some time upon the orders, which were to send us thither. Getting tired of the delay, however, I took a short furlough, at last, and went home—exacting a promise that I should be recalled at once if the orders came. A day after my arrival, came the news—the regiment was gone to Morris Island. The night train carried me down, of course, but too late to run the gauntlet before sunrise, and the fire of the enemy forbade the attempt to go, except under cover of the night. (This, you will understand, was not my decision, but that of the quartermaster, to whom I applied for conveyance.)

Night came at last, however, though she seemed a most uncon-

scionable time about it. Two small casks of coffee had been intrusted to me by ladies in the city, one for their own relatives, and one for general distribution. And I never shall forget the odd shock it gave me,—rather romantically strung up as I was for the adventure,—when an officer of the boat said to me—"Mister, you had better *sit on them kegs*, if you want to carry over your coffee: those black rascals (the boat hands) will steal every drop before you get away!" Most vigilantly I guarded my treasure on the steamboat, which silently bore us to Fort Johnson, (James' Island,) carried them in my own arms to the row boat, which made the rest of the passage, and resigned them on shore to the commissary for safe keeping.

A rapid walk along the beach towards the glow of a fire—itself carefully hidden amid the hillocks of sand—an angry buzz or two about my ears of sharpshooters' balls,—a dive through what seemed a perfect labyrinth of burrows, crowded with men and reeking with foul air, and my hands were caught by the hands of glad friends. They were smirched and haggard already, though all they had borne was as nothing to what was to come. As it turned out, we had the glory of being *the last garrison*.

In a few minutes I was hurried out, to take a hasty glance at the works by Bude-light. We struck across to the extremity of the works nearest the enemy, and looked thence back. What a magical effect, to be so cruelly meant as it was! The brilliant light transfigured those gray mounds of sand—gave them the semblance of snow. It proved, however, ineffectual for the purpose it was meant to answer—guiding the artillery fire at night, and preventing our fatigue parties from repairing damages.

At this time there was quite a lull in the contest, the federal forces preparing, as it proved, for their last advance. But, weary as I was, I postponed my study of the works, to get a little rest, and thus, as so often happens in life, threw away my only opportunity.

The bomb-proofs, where my duty and the surgeon's lay, and where all remained when off duty, were large cells, constructed of pine logs—some of them round, some roughly hewn—set upright, close together, and roofed with similar logs—the whole then buried under mounds of sand, from twelve to twenty feet thick. The constant drip, drip, drip, of salt water from this sand into the room below, was one of the mysteries, and one of the great annoyances, of the place; all the greater, because drinking water was very scarce, very bad, and only to be obtained at the risk of life.—Going down to the sally-port next morning, I was struck with the eager faces turned outward, watching for something. Presently, a young fellow hove in sight, literally dressed in canteens, and running at the top of his speed, to shorten the perilous passage back to the fort. He had been sent for water, and got back safe.

Presently, I heard my name on a good many lips inquiring where I was. Soon, somebody with glistening eyes informed me that the coffee had come! Poor fellows, how they enjoyed it! But a mouthful or two apiece, yet it was an event. To this day, there are gallant men who speak with unction of their half-gill of stale coffee.

The day wore away with few casualties, and a good deal of hard work for the garrison. But next morning, with the earliest glimpse of day, began the awful tornado; "blood, and fire, and vapor of smoke." Ironsides, monitors, wooden vessels, land batteries, sharpshooters,—booming, whizzing, cracking, crashing; the solid ground throbbing under the impact of 13-inch mortar shells, dropping as out of the iron sky

upon the roofs, and bursting there —great cannon, struck in the throat and knocked down like men; 15-inch shells, rolled by the monitors into open spaces, exploding and raining the fragments everywhere; ramparts cut down by Parrot shells, and rebuilt in the face of that infernal fire. Yesterday wore out, to-day burns out!

Now comes the litters with their woeful burden, often dripping blood as they come. Wounds of every conceivable and unimaginable character; right arms torn off, not cut off, like a birds' wing with all the muscles and organs that are closely connected with it—deadening sensation, thank God; the scull over the cerebellum blown completely away—and yet the man will not die! There are few groans, except from men unconscious, or from men injured by concussion. Now and then a man whose nervous system has been prostrated in this way—viz: by the explosion of a shell close by—"stung by a bung," as the soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia said—comes in crying like a child: a half hour's rest, and a drop of spirits, and his manhood returns.

The sickening smell of blood, as from some foul shambles in a dungeon; the reeking, almost unbreathable air, away from the skylight; the bare-armed surgeons, operating by candle-light; the floor, crowded with anguish and death; the grim, low walls, and the steady drip, drip, drip, ticking aloud; all these must come into the picture of the hospital bomb-proof of Battery Wagner. Then you must draw out these horrors from Saturday morning until Sunday night; and you will be measurably prepared to admire the courage that gave not an inch, though hungry, thirsty, sleepless, worked almost to death to repair injuries, and without a breath of fresh air, that was not obtained at the risk of being torn to pieces.

Six men were ordered out on fatigue; as they left cover, a shell exploded among them, killing and wounding all but one. That one picked up his sand-bag and walked up to the breach without an instant's hesitation; while the steady voice of the officer called out "second relief!" and the gap was filled. That gallant fellow was afterwards left disabled in a retreat of pickets at Petersburg, and died on the field of battle.

Being anxious to see how the men were prospering at 'a distant part of the work, I started across, and presently found an officer, sitting in the heart of that terrible commotion, calmly writing in his note-book. He was off duty, but preferred—as experience taught many to do—to keep his place outside rather than be weakened by the heat and foul air of the bomb-proofs, and dazzled, on his return, by the glare on his eyes. Then an enthusiastic sharpshooter called out to me—"come up here, sir! here's a first rate shot!" which I thankfully declined, as "not in my line."

Many curious incidents occurred, of course. A Captain took the place of a sharpshooter for a little while; soon he was whirled round and thrown to the ground. His men ran to him; but he picked himself up, *not* killed. It proved that a minie ball had grazed his ear. A sentinel outside the Battery was standing in a rifle-pit, with not much room to spare: when lo! a large shell dropped into the pit! He shut his eyes, as he told me afterwards, thinking it idle to attempt an escape. The shell exploded, and "only shocked him a little!"

Saturday afternoon, my Lieutenant Colonel proposed to me that he and I should go through the bomb-proofs and hold short religious services with the men.—I carried my testament and hymn-book, and he, the indispensable candle. I am satisfied that the

flame of that candle was at times three inches long, and of a dirty yellow—so dreadfully impure had the air become. Shall I ever forget that horrible gloom, or the spectral faces in the background, or the faces that the struggling flame made visible—ghastly, squalid, smirched—lips parched, tangled hair, eyes glittering with fever, watching and toil? How they drank in every word! Faint and husky voices joined fitfully in the hymn, or faltered amen to the prayer. They were the farewell prayer meetings in Battery Wagner.

Saturday night, the Federals determined to attack Battery Gregg, and take it by surprise. This would have hemmed us in, and compelled the surrender of the whole command. But our signalmen read their signals, as they had often done before; proper preparations were made, and the surprise reversed. The attacking party hardly fired a volley before they pushed back to sea.

Sunday noon brought the chief engineer of the department, to examine if the last hour had indeed come, to which the defence could be protracted. After a careful survey, and a conference with the officers, he returned with his report, and soon there came up the order, by telegraph from General Beauregard, commanding the evacuation, followed directly by the full written order adjusting the details, and concluding with the remark that if the evacuation were accomplished, it would be equal to a victory.

Then I got my *mittimus*. My commanding officer assured me I had done all that could be done in my department, and that it would be a relief to him, if I would go in advance of the mass.

Little preparation was needed, as you may suppose. Soon I was standing at the sally-port, dazed by my long stay in the darkness, and weakened even to exhaustion by the toils and griefs of my work; head throbbing loud and hard, mental faculties almost benumbed. "Now, sir," said a gallant fellow on duty there, "I've watched these fellows until I can almost certainly tell when they are slacking off; just wait till I give the word, and then run about 200 yards and you'll be pretty nearly safe." Nothing loath to live and see home once more, I waited the word of command, and then started as fast as I could. So far from lulling, the fire grew; in about 20 yards, instead of 200, my strength gave way completely; and I had to *walk* along, in such company as I hope never to keep again. Minie balls, scraps of shells, whole shells bursting, shells overhead on their way to Battery Gregg—why, they positively *swarmed*. My mind was too torpid with weariness to be alarmed, and I watched the display with wonderfully little interest. But I shall ever regret that I had not at the moment energy enough, to scramble to the edge of the hillocks and look out upon the fleet, engaged in its terrible work. I trust in the mercy of God that I shall never have such another opportunity; which makes it the greater pity, not to have improved that.

In the same profound apathy of exhaustion, I climbed over the face of Battery Gregg, then being scarred and ploughed with shell and ball, instead of going round it. And when, the boat being ready, I was warned to *run* for it, I answered "yes," and *walked* stupidly out; when a friend, whom I teach my children to thank and love, threw his arm round me, and ran me down to the boat. He got back safely. How could I ever have ceased to reproach myself, if he had been hurt?

My narative properly ends at this point; but it may be well to add a word about the evacuation. South Carolina troops were accorded the honor of leaving the Fort

last. Men were kept on the works to the very last moment, to keep up the appearance of a fight and mislead the enemy. Proper arrangements were made for blowing up the magazine. They failed, of course: they always do. But it was not for lack of care or coolness, that time. One of the bravest of brave men went back alone, and went into the magazine, making sure that all was working well. Yet the drip from the roof, or some other unlooked for accident, extinguished the fuse, and saved the trophy for the enemy. They pounded away nearly all night, however; we had that satisfaction; pounded away at the empty walls, while the 800 men who had held it were safe in the harbor, or on shore!

So ended this brilliant defence. Nothing was left to the enemy that could have been removed, except a box containing some blankets, overlooked in the darkness. Few doubted, when Wagner fell, that the siege of Charleston must soon be ended by the capture of the other defences.—It was reserved for Fort Sumter to make a more glorious record still.

CULTURE OF THE VINE.

Many books, of the making of which there is no end, fill the libraries of hall and cottage, in this, the nineteenth century; but amongst them all, there is one which is called "*the* book":—and so in the vegetable world, many vines, of varied foliage and bloom and fruit, festoon the beautiful earth but amongst them all, one is preëminently known as, "*the* vine." More honored than any inanimate creation of God, in its fruit containing the symbol of the blood of the atoning Lamb;—and in this, that the creation of wine was the first miracle wrought by the incarnate God. The inspired writers speak of the church as a vine: "The vine which thou hast brought out of Egypt and planted:" "For the vineyard of the Lord of Hosts is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah his pleasant plant." The Bible contains many other beautiful allusions to the *vine*. Our Georgia poet asks,

For what doth make a land appear
The loveliest of lands;
So soft through exile's parting tear,
So warm in welcome hands?

And answers,

The vine! The vine! In all the lands
Beneath its light and bloom,
Most golden of the "Missal bands"
That bind the book of—home!

Man's æsthetical tastes and physical wants, generally, correspond; the trees of Eden were not only "good for food" but "pleasant to the sight." The grape is the most beautiful fruit known, and "rare and costly wines," are prized beyond any other luxury of life. It seems to be created for man's especial use.

The vine is found growing in our country, in wild luxuriance, from Canada to Florida. Grapes grow in the forests of Canada, of great size and beauty,—and in Texas fine specimens are also found. As an article of food, their value is not yet appreciated. One hundred lbs. of fresh beef contains twenty-six lbs. of nutritive matter and 74 lbs. of water. The same quantity of pork contains twenty-four lbs. of nutritive matter, and

the same quantity of grapes, (one hundred lbs.) contains *twenty seven* lbs. of nutritive matter, and seventy-three lbs. of water.

In addition to their extremely nutritious qualities, grapes are also medicinal, and during the vintage season in France, great numbers of persons leave the gay metropolis, and resort to the vineyards, to avail themselves of this ambrosial medicine. It is pleasant to see the French peasants partake of their simple and pretty dinner of brown bread and salads (dressed with the sweet, creamy, olive oil) and grapes, nuts and wine. They usually have the appearance of fine health, and notwithstanding England's boast of the prowess of her beef-fed soldiers, we can never forget that Napoleon's heroic and almost invincible army was composed of these simply reared peasants of France. The Persian walnut is much cultivated in France, and there are few more beautiful objects than a walnut tree and a grape vine. To fully appreciate the two, read what Downing says of them. They are each not only "good for food" but "pleasant to the sight." In the French province of Sauterne, the grape vines are planted in rows of three by four feet. A strong stake, nine feet high, is allowed to each vine. The large proprietors use the plow in cultivation, and every where, deep working is the rule. Sometimes, the vines are allowed to grow eight feet high, but generally, they are not more than two or three. Our American grapes do not succeed well under this system, however, and we may find modes better suited to us farther south in Europe. From Portugal, wine is the staple export, and they have four modes of culture. 1st. The vines are planted in rows, and allowed to attain the height of a gooseberry bush; they require no support and the extensive vineyards are cultivated between the rows with the plows. This is the mode of culture in Trasos-Montas. 2d. In the Alto Douro, the vines are planted on terraces, and never allowed to attain more than four feet. 3d. On trellises, from eight to twelve feet from the ground.

The fourth mode of cultivation is condemned by most American vine growers, but it is one to which we wish to call particular attention. In the provinces of Minho, Estremadura, and Beira Baixa, the vines are trained upon trees, which are planted for the particular purpose of supporting them.—They either hang in festoons from the tree, or are twined around the trunk. The greatest obstacle to the cultivation of the grape, in this country, is its liability to "rot." I have never seen or heard of grapes rotting on either trees or walls. But to plant rows of trees and wait for them to grow, is too slow a process to suit the impatience, so characteristic of Americans. It may do for the sleepy Portuguese, but not for high pressure democracy. Upon walls is the mode of treatment, alluded to in scripture. The vines were protected by hedges, and supported upon walls. "I will take away the hedge, and it (the vine) shall be eaten up; and brake down the wall thereof, and it shall be trodden down." In localities, where stones are abundant, walls running in parallel lines, for the convenience of the plow, would no doubt be just the thing:—but nature's support for a vine is usually a tree. Some trees exhaust the soil much less than others. The blue grass grows beautifully under the walnut, the locust and the apple. The vine, however, does not confine its roots within the limits of its supporting and protecting tree. To prove this, you have only to pull up a young vine (by the roots,) in the loose soil of the forest. You will find they run out, like its stem, quite beyond

the roots of the nearest tree. Nature constructed the roots of trees and vines so as not to interfere with each other. It would be *so* easy to plant a grape vine at the root of each apple and walnut tree upon your premises; not, however, to allow it to run neglected over the tree, ruining both the tree and the vine, but to be annually pruned, according to the usual method of cutting away the old wood and leaving the new. Orchards and vineyards should receive an annual manuring, and thorough cultivation. Just give your vineyard, whether planted on the stake, trellis, wall or tree system, the same cultivation that you give cotton or tobacco;—and (if your grapes do not rot in the two former modes,) your crop will not fail.

But as grapes are produced for the purpose of making wine, it is useless to raise them unless a wine manufactory is at hand. The Agricultural Societies should interest themselves in the matter, and if a number of farmers wish to cultivate the grape, it will be the interest of a wine manufacturer to locate himself in their neighborhood, and purchase their grapes or the freshly expressed juice. An association of twenty farmers, cultivating ten acres each, would produce enough grapes, at a low estimate to make 60,000 gallons of wine. The manufacturer will pay $1. per gallon, and when bottled, he will sell it for at least $1 per quart. We think at that rate he would make a better living than many of the poor professors in our colleges, or our badly paid clergy, or even many doctors and attorneys we wot of.

We estimate the yield at three hundred gallons per acre, although it is often twice or three times that amount. Each farmer, however, even at this low estimate, would make three thousand dollars from his ten acres: while the manufacturer would make a sum, which I leave the reader to calculate. The cost of cultivation and manufacturing must be paid out of these estimates. But very costly vaults, and vats may be built for this!—to say nothing of the bottling, casks, &c.

The Scuppernong sets all old established rules of culture at defiance. It cannot be pruned with impunity—it cannot be brought under the conventional rules of grape society—it is a savage and will never behave itself in proper vine fashion. It rebels against stakes, pruning knives, plows and even too much sunshine upon its stems and roots. So give it a good support, plenty of mulching for its roots—its dainty forest tastes scorn the usual modes of manuring—and keep all weeds and grass away from under it, and you will have such fruit, and in such quantities, (if your soil is at all suitable) that you may sing with F. O. T.

No Etna crags! no lava rills,
No black Vesuvian cliffs!
Now stake *one* vine on Georgia's hills
To ten on Teneriffe's.

I would say one hundred on Teneriffe's—he has fallen far short of the poet's license. The usual mode of supporting the Scuppernong is on arbors eight or ten feet high, and all lateral or side branches trimmed off *in fall or summer*, never in spring or winter. Sometimes a Scuppernong vineyard is seen in Eastern North Carolina, of ten acres of one continuous arbor. The vines are usually planted about thirty feet apart, but the posts supporting the leafy, fragrant roof, should be not more than ten feet apart. Whenever a post shows signs of decay, it is replaced by a new one, and so with the rails overhead. Mr. Sidney Weller relates that on a quarter acre *arbor* vineyard of his, a picnic party of about a hundred persons assembled for the purpose of enjoying the fruit. After the party left, two persons were appointed to estimate the quantity eaten.

They reported that they "could not miss the grapes!" The exquisite fragrance of the Scuppernong always reveals its neighborhood. There are two varieties, the white or amber colored and the purple. It is hard to tell which variety is the most delicious.

Next to the Scuppernong, we place the Catawba. It, notwithstanding its American origin, can be cultivated in the usual European methods, but we doubt if it is best to make it conform to these rules. The Scuppernong never rots, but the Catawba sometimes does. The former grows wild in the eastern counties of Carolina, the latter grows wild on the banks of the Catawba. Both are delicious table grapes, but I believe the preference is usually given to the Scuppernong. The wine of the Scuppernong, notwithstanding its fine and peculiar aroma, has never been made without the addition of alcohol and sugar. The Catawba, on the other hand, without any addition whatever, makes a genuine hock—a wine so much like the ordinary wines of the Rhine, that the nicest connoisseur would find it difficult to detect the difference, either in color or flavor.

The vignerons of the South, however, are hoping to find the different varieties of the summer grape their most *profitable* wine-making fruit. It is the *vitis æstivalis*, and to it belong the Lenoir, Warren, Pauline, Herbemont, and Taylor varieties.

However, the subject has yet to be practically tested, whether the Scuppernong (*vitis rotundifolia*) varieties—or the the Catawba (*vitis labrusca*) and its kindred varieties, or the summer grape (*vitis æstivalis*) will be most profitable for vineyard culture and wine-making.—With proper care, each will do well, as experiment has clearly proved; but their comparative merits are yet to be determined.

To the latter class belongs a white or yellow variety, known in East Tennessee as the McClenahan. It seems to be a recent discovery, and is said to be very delicious. It is found in the neighborhood of Dandridge, Tennessee. I think it is Mr. Caradeuc, of South Carolina, who says the Warren produces a wine, "sufficiently strong to require no sugar or brandy to preserve it from acidity, and will keep as well in a hot garret as does the Maderia." Any novice in wine growing, who wishes information should visit the fine vineyards around Aiken, South Carolina. One *seeing* is worth many *tellings*.

THE LAST OF THE CRUSADERS.*

In order to understand something of the condition of things, on the new theatre of action, on which Don John is about to enter, a few prefatory remarks are necessary. When Philip II. succeeded his father in the sovereignty of the seventeen Netherlands, the principles of the reformed religion, which Charles had in vain endeavored to check, had taken deep root in these provinces. Providentially, as we may believe, the wars in which Charles had been engaged, first with the Turks, and afterwards with his rival the king of France, had prevented his putting forth his whole strength, to crush the dangerous heresy in the bud. Though he had promulga-

*Continued from page 269.

ted many edicts against it, both as Emperor of Germany and King of the Netherlands, Charles was too politic a monarch to run the risk of a civil war, at a dangerous crisis of his affairs, by exacting the strict enforcements of the provisions of these edicts. Philip's character was very different. That he *could* postpone his religious scruples to the dictates of his political interests, more than one act of his infamous and disastrous reign sufficiently attests. But with respect to the Netherlands, he declared that he preferred not to be king at all, to being king over heretics. His policy with regard to them may be summed up in two propositions:—First, to maintain the authority of the King absolute and without appeal: Second, with a view to exterminate every germ of heresy, to keep alive in their midst, the terrible Inquisition: in other words, to make serfs, civil and religious, of every man, woman, and child of a people, whose rights were guaranteed to them by charters granted by his fathers.

The attempted enforcement of this policy had led to multiplied troubles during the regency of his sister, Margaret of Parma, and at length to open defiance of the authority of the Government. Resolving to take a terrible vengeance on the malcontents, Philip had despatched the Duke of Alva at the head of a well appointed army, to supersede Margaret in the regency. The bloody record of this man's seven years' reign will only be made known, on that tremendous day, when all secrets shall be brought to light.—Humanity turns sick and shudders from the tragic tale. Amongst those who had ventured to offer, not an armed, but a constitutional resistance to the usurpations of the Government, were William, Prince of Orange, great ancestor of a greater son, Count Egmont, the famous hero of St. Quentin and Gravelines, and Count Horn. Orange, the most sagacious statesman of his day, well knew the character of both Philip and Alva; and had retired from the Netherlands, on the latter's approach, to his principality in Germany. Egmont and Horn had remained.—Egmont, indeed, a courtier and a loyalist by nature, went out to meet His Majesty's representative, with many professions of dutiful attachment. Alva first greeted him with a Judas kiss and soon after had him seized and treacherously slain. Horn shared the same fate. The Duke's next act was the establishment of a council for the trial of offenses, which *he* called the "Civil Council," but which *posterity* remembers with hatred and aversion as the "Council of Blood." Of the horrors that ensued, no language can convey an adequate idea. Tacitus' picture of the dreadful condition of Rome under the rule of her Caligulas and Neros, the story of the frantic excesses of the French Revolution during "the reign of terror"—neither is too highly colored, as applied to the condition of the unhappy Netherlands, during Alva's administration—. At one time, by a single sweeping edict, every man, woman, and child throughout the provinces was condemned to death, and held his life and goods solely by the sufferance of his most clement and Catholic Majesty. The blood of ten thousand martyrs seemed to cry in vain to Heaven for vengeance.—Orange, the last hope of his persecuted countrymen, had levied two armies for their relief, almost entirely out of his own private purse; but his troops were unable to keep the field, against the scientific strategy of Alva, and the disciplined valor of the Spanish mercenaries. But like the "vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself," Alva's violence, by its very excesses, failed to accomplish his end. Unable to make head against him in the field, and despairing of

safety at home, the patriots took refuge in the swamps and marshes of the country, or, seizing ships, found a home and a place of vantage on the bosom of the deep.—These last, "the Beggars of the Sea," under the lead of Robert De La Marck, descendant of the famous "wild boar of Ardennes," had surprised and captured the town of Brille in Holland, and then laid the corner stone of the future Dutch Republic. The province of Holland, indeed, as well as its sister province of Zealand, was almost entirely of the reformed faith, and it was here, on a territory, which the ingenuity and industry of man had won from the waves of ocean, that the spirit of Netherland freedom had taken refuge and stood at last at bay. After the dispersion of his last army, Orange had made his way to Holland, determined to share the fate of his countrymen for weal or woe. The war from this time forward to the appearance of Don John upon the scene of action, is mainly the history of a series of sieges, in which the Spaniard displayed a valor worthy of a better cause, and the patriots deeds of heroism and endurance, which still quicken the pulse and flush the cheek with admiration. Finding his subjects still rebellious under Alva's iron rule, Philip determined to try the effects of a milder policy. As the representative of this policy, he selected his brother, Don John, so well known throughout Christendom, and whose character might seem to afford some guarantee of more merciful intentions. The latter was still in Italy, when the news reached him of his appointment to the regency of the Netherlands. It chimed in well with the new scheme of conquest and empire, he had marked out for himself. Languishing at this time in the prisons of Elizabeth, was the lovely and ill-starred Mary, Queen of Scots. She was a woman, she was beautiful, and she was in distress. She was, moreover, a Catholic and a Queen. To cross the seas, to lead the armies of the cross against the heretic Queen of England, to liberate and espouse the captive Mary, and reign jointly with her in place of the deposed Elizabeth; such was the romantic scheme that had taken entire possession of Don John's imagination and heart.—His Holiness the Pope, entirely concurred in this hopeful plan.—All that he could do with bulls, blessings, and excommunications, he did. If spiritual weapons could compass it, the conquest of England and Scotland and the elevation of Don John to the throne of these kingdoms, was an accomplished fact. As soon, therefore, as the news of his appointment reached him, Don John set out at once for Madrid for his instructions. Nothing of the festering suspicion, which rankled in Philip's bosom, was allowed to appear in his reception of his brother.—He greeted him as a favored and well deserving servant, and made haste to give him his instructions with regard to the policy to be pursued towards the Netherlands, where the presence of the new Governor was now imperatively demanded. His journey to the Provinces was in a style suited to his romantic character. Staining his bright locks and fair complexion so as to represent a Moorish slave, and taking but six men-at-arms and a courier for his escort, he traveled post haste through France, towards his new theatre of operations. Arrived at Paris, he paid a secret visit to the Spanish Embassador at that Court, and learned from him that a ball was to take place that night at the Louvre. He went thither in disguise, saw and became enamored of the fair and frail Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre. Margaret of Navarre, the bride of St. Bartholomew! How dark a flood of recollections rush in upon the

mind at the mention of that name —bitter, enduring memories of "Seine's empurpled flood, and good Coligny's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood." Daughter of Catharine de Medicis, and sister of Charles IX, what but lust, incest, and murder could follow in the train of such nuptials with such a bride? "Her beauty," wrote Don John subsequently, "is more than mortal, but fitter to destroy men's souls than to bless them." But whether for blight or blessing, he could not now delay to gaze upon the charms of the siren. Hurrying forward, he found time, but for one more rapid interview with the Duke of Guise, kinsman of the Queen of Scots, and at length on the 3d of November, 1576, he reached the town of Luxembourg and stood at last on that battle ground of Europe, the soil of the Low Countries. But with all his haste, he came a day too late. The League of all the Netherlands had been concluded. Filled with horror at the consequences of the "Spanish Fury" at Antwerp—"whereof the memory shall be abominable, as long as the world shall stand,"—the Provinces had at length listened to the wise counsels of Orange and concluded the famous treaty known in history, as the "Pacification of Ghent." Though still acknowledging Philip, as their nominal Lord and King, the parties to this treaty bound themselves to a mutual forgetfulness and forgiveness of past injuries, to a close alliance for the future with a view to the expulsion of the Spanish mercenaries, and to a general toleration in matters of religion. Don John's mission, *ostensibly* one of peace and mercy, was to maintain the authority of the monarch, and of the Roman Catholic religion absolute and supreme. Orange was the representative of the principles embodied in the Pacification; Don John of those embraced in the latter policy. Sooner or later, a conflict was inevitable. The adversary of the youthful Paladin was such an one, as he had not yet encountered.—The contrast between the two men extended even to their personal appearance. That of Don John has already been described, and had undergone but little change. Since the day when, the cynosure of all eyes, he had ridden gaily into Naples, the years had passed but lightly over the head of the hero and conqueror. Successful, flattered, and caressed, he seemed still a youth at thirty. Laureled victory sat upon his brow and honor plumed. Orange, on the other hand, had never been one of the "curled darlings" of society. In his palmiest days, he could sustain no comparison with his antagonist in symmetry of feature, or elegance of form. He was now no longer young; but his forty-three years bore less heavily upon him, than the weight of his cares and anxieties. Temples already bared, a haggard but benignant countenance, and a spare and attenuated frame make up a picture, in striking contrast to the young and brilliant hero of Lepanto. The contrast, in the characters, in the principles, and the objects of pursuit of the two men, is more striking still. Don John's ambition was for himself alone. Plans of personal aggrandizement, conquests, whose end was to seat him on a throne,—these were the schemes that had captivated his imagination and taken possession of his soul. When disappointed in his hopes of African Empire, he seized with avidity on a new plan of conquest, which should ensure him the coveted reward. His highest aspiration could rise no higher than to a regal diadem,—of a lofty and controlling sense of duty, for duty's sake, he had formed no conception. Of the character of Orange, on the contrary, unselfishness formed the key-note. In his devotion to duty, and utter abnegation of self, his character

approaches that of Virginia's Washington. The great passion of his soul was the love of country, and he had no room in it for the meaner love of a kingly crown. Early in life, he had chosen his course, from a high sense of right, and neither bribes, nor threats could swerve him from the line. Few characters in history have so well answered to Horace's description of "the man just and firm of purpose, whom nor the clamors of his fellow citizens urging him to the wrong, nor the countenance of the threatening tyrant, nor the red right hand of Jove himself, hurling his thunderbolts, could turn from his fixed resolve." No halo of military glory encircled his brow. Slowly, and through a series of defeats, he was compassing a nation's freedom. As a warrior, he was perhaps inferior to his antagonist; as a statesman, and as a ruler of men, save only on the battle-field, he was immeasurably his superior. Unfortunately, for himself, it was in this latter character alone, that Don John was to encounter him. So desperate and protracted had been the resistance of the Netherlands, that their tyrant was at length willing to make some concessions. Philip had accordingly instructed his brother to yield something on minor points, but not an inch on the vital issues of the absolute supremacy of the Catholic religion, and the authority of the monarch. The position of Don John was therefore necessarily a false one. To conciliate, yet not to compromise, to be benignant, yet resolute to maintain a system according to which, any Protestant might be arbitrarily hanged, burned or beheaded—such was the part he was called on to play. Orange well knew both Philip and Don John. He was thoroughly distrustful of their policy from the beginning, and resolutely determined to thwart it. His warnings to the States were iterated again and again, to put no faith in Don John's professions, and only to acknowledge him, as Governor, after ample guarantees had been given that their demands should be complied with.

These demands, submitted by the deputies at Luxembourg on the 6th of December, were eight in number. The two most important were the immediate withdrawal of all the Spanish troops from the country, and the maintenance of the "Pacification of Ghent." These things conceded, the deputies professed themselves ready to acknowledge the authority of Philip, and the supremacy of the Catholic religion. It is manifest that such a compromise, even if adopted, was calculated rather to tent over the wounds of the body politic, than to heal them.—Toleration and the Inquisition could no more exist together than fire and water; and toleration was expressly stipulated for in the Ghent treaty. With regard to this most important demand therefore, Don John answered that he could not agree to it without an opinion from competent authority, that it contained nothing contrary to the supremacy of the church and of his Majesty's authority.—As to the departure of the troops, he was prepared to concede this point; but with the stipulation that the journey homeward should be by sea. He had not for a moment lost sight of his darling scheme of English conquest, and had private reasons of his own, therefore, for insisting on this condition. Such being the unsatisfactory answer to their demands, the first conference, between the deputies and the new Governor, was altogether barren of results. The latter had advanced as far as Huy, when the second conference was held between them. Mean-time, all classes and conditions of men, in the Netherlands, with a singular unanimity, had given in their adhesion to the famous Brussels un-

ion, and fortified by so universal an expression of opinion, the deputies were bolder and more urgent in their demands, than upon the former occasion. The fiery and impatient spirit of the young conqueror chafed under their high words and bearing, and he was so enraged against one audacious gentleman, in particular, as to offer to throw a silver bell at his head. The parties separated in high dudgeon, after a stormy interview. At length, however, just as the deputies were mounting their horses to leave the town, Don John sent a message to say that he agreed to their demands. Even the point of departure of the troops by land, so long resisted by Don John, was conceded. The deputies at first had not insisted on this point, but, ignorant of his reasons, Don John's solicitude in the matter had excited suspicions of bad faith on his part. With a secret sigh, he had now to bid farewell to the darling hope that had lighted him to the Netherlands. All obstacles being thus removed, the memorable treaty called the Perpetual Edict was concluded and published in Brussels on the 17th of February, 1577.

In consideration of the "Ghent Pacification" being pronounced by competent authority to contain nothing derogatory to the King's authority or to the supremacy of the Catholic religion, it provided for the maintenance of this treaty, for the government of the Netherlands in accordance with the ancient charters and privileges of the land, for the departure of the Spanish and German troops *by land* within forty days, and for the rendition of all prisoners. The States on their side promised to take an oath to uphold the Catholic religion, to disband their troops, and to receive Don John, as Governor, so soon as the Spanish troops had left the country. Apparently much was conceded.—The deputies from all the States hastened to give in their adhesion to the treaty, save only those from the two States of Holland and Zealand. Of these last, the Prince of Orange was stadtholder and exercised an authority in them, founded on the affections and confidence of the population, little short of that of the most despotic monarch. The deputies from these two provinces refused to sign the "Edict," before consulting with the Prince. It was not difficult to predict what would be his advice with regard to it. It seems probable that Orange had never from the first contemplated a reconciliation with Don John. For ten years, he had been waging war for home, for fatherland, and for freedom of conscience, with a despotism as subtle, as it was remorseless. Ten thousand voices from Harlem's Lake, and from the smoking ruins of Antwerp, spoke to his heart of injuries too great to be forgiven or forgotten. He had, and with reason, an utter distrust of the character and purposes of Philip and his representative. He believed that the concessions were made only from stress of circumstances, and that the execution of the tyrant's will was deferred, only till a more convenient season. What were promises to a monarch, a principle of whose religion it was that no faith was to be kept with heretics? No doubt a renewal of the war must bring with it terrible calamities and sufferings, for it is the nature of the demon of tyranny to tear and rend the body politic, when he leaves it. But were not the sweets of rational freedom worth all the evils of the tremendous exorcism? It was assuming a terrible responsibility to let loose the whole fury of the war, upon the little Provinces of Holland and Zealand. But it was better thus than to hearken to a deceitful cry of "peace, peace," when there was no peace. In accordance with these views, the election of

Orange was made. He published a solemn protest against the "Perpetual Edict" and refused, in the name of the Provinces of Holland and Zealand, to subscribe to it.

Don John, no doubt, had it been in his power would have willingly lifted the gauntlet, thus thrown down. But he lacked the very sinews of war, the money to pay the troops. The poverty of the Exchequer was the true secret of all these concesssions. Since, therefore, he could not at once conquer this audacious rebel, there remained but one course, to convince, or to bribe him. One Doctor Leoninus of the University of Louvain, was selected for this delicate and important mission.—Leoninus exhausted arguments, threats, and bribes. He represented to the Prince, that Don John had come to the Netherlands with full purpose to forgive and forget; that he had concluded the treaty with the States in good faith; and that he was now willing and anxious to govern peaceably, and according to the Constitution and Laws of the land. He warned him that if he persisted in his obstinacy, it must inevitably be to his own destruction; but assured him that if he closed with Don John's offer, it would be to his highest advantage. He wound up his harangue, by advising him to think of what he had said and pray to be directed to a right conclusion. Orange informed him, next day, that he had followed his advice, and remained exactly of the same opinion. But Don John was not yet satisfied that the Prince could not be gained over. He had never heard of the stinging maxim of the French cynic that "every man has his price," but his faith in it was, perhaps, not the less strong although he had not formularized it. His previous offers, no doubt, had not been sufficiently tempting. He wrote to Philip that it would be necessary to make a virtue of necessity and close with Orange on his own terms; "for," added he, "I see no remedy to preserve the State from destruction save to win over the man, who has so much influence with the nation." Accordingly, he wrote to the Prince with his his own hand. With many professions of honest purposes with regard to the Provinces, he renewed his offers of advancement, in case the latter would close with his proposals. Honors, wealth, power unlimited, were proffered him. On the other side, were poverty, persecution, outlawry, martyrdom. What was the answer of "William, the Silent?" He thanked his Highness for his offers to himself, but was much more concerned about his purposes with regard to the "poor Netherland people"—"having always placed his particular interests under his foot, even as he was still resolved to do, as long as life should endure." Plain words from a plain man! Yet methinks, through the long vista of centuries, I hear the rolling echo of those awful accents. William, of Orange, answered as Lee, or Jackson, or Washington would have answered—Not for gold, or wealth, or honors would he prove false to the land of his birth, or betray a single heart that had loved and trusted him.

Pending these negotiations with Orange, preparations for the departure of the Spanish troops went rapidly forward: for, notwithstanding the latter's suspicions, Don John intended royally to keep his promise with regard to them. It will be remembered that, by the terms of the treaty, this was a condition precedent to his being acknowledged Governor of the Netherlands. At length, in the latter part of April, amid the jeers and hatred of a people they had long oppressed and plundered, the Spaniards marched away. But a few days after, on the first of the following month, the new Govern-

or made his triumphal entry into Brussels. Once more, the shouting thousands flocked to do him honor, and once more a myriad bright eyes looked kindly on the youthful hero. Flowers strewed his path, a thousand triumphal arches spanned his route. All the conventional honors paid to conventional heroes were successfully reproduced, and at the close of a day of triumph and rejoicing, Don John saw himself Governor General of the Netherlands. But no Lepanto was before him. His star had reached its zenith and now hasted rapidly to its setting.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE REVOLUTION.

In one of the early battles of our Revolution against England, four Colonels of the rebel army were taken prisoners, Colonels Radford, Mosely, Chamberlayne and Floyd. With many others, they were put in close and loathsome prison-ships and carried to London. There, they were transferred to a city dungeon as dirty and revolting, as the prison-ship. In the room with the four Colonels, there were thirty-six other prisoners. They devised many plans of escape. The first tried was to rush upon the guards, as the jailer opened the door to give them food, and to attempt to overpower them. In this rash attempt they failed. For punishment, they were thrust into a closer dungeon, where light and air only reached them, when the door was opened to admit the jailer with their scanty supply of food. Hope did not desert them even in this extremity. They continually proposed plans of escape. At last, the following was agreed upon. When the jailer next came in, they pretended to be in high dispute as to the depth under ground and the thickness of the wall. The jailer became so interested in the dispute, that he agreed to make the measurement, and thus to decide the bets. He left them, but soon reappeared with the desired information. Instruments for the work was the next difficulty. An old sea-chest was discovered in the room: the long hinges were wrenched off, and the digging of a hole through the thick wall and deep earth was commenced, with these rude instruments. Long and patient toil was at length rewarded by the appearance of light. They quickly made their arrangements: the smallest man went first, each enlarged the work as he went. Our four Colonels were the last to leave the prison. The alarm was immediately given that the prisoners had escaped. They plunged into the moat and scrambled up to the nearest bridge; there they crouched, up to their necks in mud and water, with their heads nearly touching the wood-work above them. Over the bridge passed troop after troop in hot pursuit of the fugitives. Our four Colonels waited till night fell and quiet was restored. They then made their way to the house of a Presbyterian minister, who had managed previously to communicate to them his willingness to assist them. He concealed them until the search was given up as hopeless; got them a boat with muffled oars and with them dropped silently down the Thames. He put them on board a small sail-vessel, which landed them at Calais, thence they begged their way on foot to Paris. They presented themselves worn,

sick, and miserable, to our Minister, Dr. Franklin. He gave them means to return to their distant homes. A strong friendship has always existed between the large families descended from these gentlemen, but few know the prison bonds which unite them.

From Colonel Floyd was descended, General John B. Floyd, who lost his life from service in the late Confederate Army. Captain Winston Radford, who fell at the head of his brother's regiment in a cavalry charge at first Manassas, was a descendant of both Colonels Radford and Mosely.—From Colonel Chamberlayne, is descended General Chamberlayne C. S. A. The other 36 prisoners were never afterwards heard of. Doubtless, their gallant efforts to escape cost them their lives.

THE HAVERSACK.

No truth is more deeply impressed upon the mind of the writer of the Haversack, than that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." The warrior may study with profit the campaigns of Joshua and David; the statesman, the jurist and the physician may learn lessons from the political economy, the jurisprudence, and the sanitary laws of the law-giver of Israel; the poet may go to David, Isaiah and Habakkuk for the loftiest flights of poetry; the man of science may sit at the feet of Job and Solomon; the artist may find the noblest subjects for brush and pencil, in the descriptive and narrative parts of the sacred volume, the mere worldling may find truer teachings of practical wisdom in the Proverbs, than were ever contained in the philosophy of Dr. Franklin.—If the Mosaic code, so far as it is adapted to our country, age, and religion, were followed; one half of the miseries of society and the whole of the blunders of politicians would be averted.

Under this code, the love of the Hebrew was first to be expended in the bosom of his own family, next upon his own tribe, and finally, upon his nation. Marriages were strictly forbidden with other nations, and to some extent interdicted with other tribes. The Hebrew woman marrying in another tribe forfeited her inheritance. Marriages of that kind were rare. Each tribe was desirous to excel in numbers, as well as in the arts of war and peace. So it became a reproach to the wife to be barren.

The whole Mosaic economy fostered and promoted sectional love, and sectional pride. It had none of the hypocritical cant of modern philanthropy about "the great heart of humanity" and "knowing no North, no South, no East, no West." On the contrary, it taught most distinctly that the boundaries of each tribe must be recognized, and that the duty and the love of each Hebrew belonged specially to his own tribe. Now we believe that many honest and good men may use the above catch phrases. But they had their origin among those malignant philanthropists, whose mission is hate; and among those professed followers of the Prince of Peace, whose mission is blood. Under the opposite system, (which came directly from the hand of God) the Hebrews performed prodigies

of valor; harder still, they performed miracles of endurance such as, our Saviour himself tells us, the world shall never witness again.

At the South, the views of patriotism were diametrically opposed to those of the spiteful, revengeful, remorseless philanthropists. And the South, for four years, fought the world in arms. No one of the States of the Union has so much State pride as Virginia, and no one has produced so many eminent men. If the Bible be true, love of section is the root from which enlightened patriotism must spring. The domestic tyrant makes a bad citizen; a bad citizen makes a bad statesman.—He must be "faithful over a few things," who is to be rewarded by being made "ruler over many things."

We make these remarks preparatory to the statement that since writing the last Haversack, we have discovered that the remaining two of the "six heroes of Petersburg" belonged to the Old North State. When we cease to love preëminently the State of our birth, and the State of our adoption, the heart, which is now true in every fibre to the two Carolinas, will have ceased to throb forever. We claim to be, in the highest and noblest sense of the word, a *loyal* Carolinian, because entirely loyal to the two Carolinas. Our idea is to love whatever is good, true and lovely, whether found North, South, East or West, but to love especially our own home and fireside, our own county, and our own State.

We get the following from the late Adjutant of the 61st North Carolina regiment thus named, of the so-called Confederate Army.

I send you the name of Sergeant Thomas L. Graves, Co. A. 61st North Carolina regiment, as one of the "Nameless Heroes." On the 3d of June, 1864, at Cold Harbor, while the enemy was shelling our works, a shell fell in the trench, occupied by the above regiment, in a smoking and bursting condition, which was immediately thrown from the trench by Sergeant Graves. Serg't Graves is a son of Professor L. C. Graves, principal of the Clinton Female Institute.

W. L. FAISON.

Clinton, N. C.

A former Captain, of the 17th regiment of infantry belonging to the would-be-State of North Carolina, furnishes the sixth name.

In response to the call made for the names of the six privates, who cast burning shells from the trenches at Petersburg, I am happy to say that I can furnish you with the name of one more, that of Wm. James Ausbon, a private in Company "H" 17th North Carolina regiment. A shell from one of the enemy's mortars fell in the midst of the company, and whilst it was spinning round like a top and the fuse still burning, he picked it up and cast it over the breast-works where it immediately exploded. The fact was reported to General Beauregard, who ordered that his name be placed upon the Roll of Honor and that he be presented with a silver medal. The order was lost with my baggage, or I would furnish you with a copy of it. As the commanding officer of the company, I sent up his name among others as deserving a high place on the Roll of Honor, but the medal he never got. I was not able to furnish it myself and never was supplied with the medal, and consequently could not furnish it. Private Ausbon is now living near Plymouth, in Washington county, a hard working, honest man, and an honor to the "Old North State."

It never seems to have occurred to our gallant friend, the Captain, that the true reason why the man did not get his medal was that there was not silver enough in the Confederacy so-called to make

one. We rather think that General Beauregard, when he made the order, was in the condition of the illustrious General Butler in New York. He wanted a little fun, and therefore, got off a practical joke, upon the C. S. Treasury.

If there be a North Carolinian, who is so exceedingly national, as not to feel proud that all the "six heroes of Petersburg" belong to his own glorious *State*,—(trying to be),—we can admire his "great heart of humanity," but we would not like to trust him with our pocket-book swelled out as it is, with fractional currency,—to make it look big. "This reminds me of a little anecdote," (being a loyal rebel, the phrase is used reverentially). The writer was once a delegate to a body—then religious, now political—which met in Indianapolis. As we approached that city, the gentleman seated in the cars next to him asked a few questions concerning his home, occupation, pecuniary condition, success in life, present business, religious belief, number of his children, their ages, sex, temperament, &c., &c., &c. In return, after having satisfied his courteous inquirer, he asked the gentleman what was *his* faith. "Oh," replied he, "I am a kind of Universalist in a general sort of way."—As we take it, the man who has no peculiar love for his own State, is a kind of universal patriot in a general sort of way. He has about as much idea of patriotism, as the curious gentleman had of religion.

Our next anecdote is not very complimentary to the Old North State. It comes to us from a gentleman in Raleigh, N. C., who says that he cannot vouch for its accuracy. We know part of it to be true. The rest of it was probably made upon the poor fellow, by the wits of Pettus' Alabama brigade. In the last days of the Confederacy, the story was often told and religiously believed.

At the battle of Kinston, the Junior Reserves (made up of lads under 18) were sent to force the crossing of South West Creek and drive the enemy away, to make good the passage of other troops. This they did very handsomely, but encountering a severe fire, a portion of one regiment sought a safer place. As they were streaming to the rear, they met the Alabama boys and were greeted with shouts of laughter. A general officer, in no laughing mood at their behavior, took steps to stop the disorder and with his own hands seized one of the fugitives.

General. "What are you running for"?

Junior. "Oh, General, the yankees were shooting at us"?

General. "Why didn't you shoot back again? Aint you ashamed of yourself? You are crying like a baby."

Junior. (Blubbering) "I wish I was a baby. Oh! I wish I was a *gal* baby"!

It is well-known that our great cavalry leader lost a son, a young man of great promise, in a cavalry fight, during the siege of Petersburg. A friend has given us an account of the mournful occurrence. When the gallant youth fell from his horse, his father sprang down and took him in his arms. But when he saw that all was over, he kissed him tenderly, said only "my dear boy" and then mounted again. In a moment more, the fierce command "charge" was heard, like the blast of a trumpet, high over all the roar and din of battle.

The next anecdote is so eminently characteristic of rebel soldiers, that we depart from our announced rule not to publish anecdotes, which are known to have been in print before. It deserves a place among the records of the Dixie boys, as it bears internal evidence of its genuineness. We take it

from the Rutherford (N. C.) *Star* and quote from memory.

At a depot in ———, a clergyman had an affectionate and earnest conversation with some soldiers *en route* to ———. He gave them a good deal of wholesome advice and wholesome warning; to which they listened most respectfully. At length, the whistle blew and the soldiers ran and sprang upon the flat cars. Just as the train began slowly to move, one of them cried out to the preacher, "Oh, parson, I have left my oven behind. We can't cook without it. Please throw it up here." Picking up the oven pointed out, the good minister ran after the cars and succeeded in pitching it aboard. Coming back a good deal jaded by the race, but with a countenance beaming with satisfaction at having done a good deed, he was accosted by an indignant old negro, "Marser, wat for, you tro dat uben to de soger. Dat my uben"! The mortified clergyman never after denied the doctrine of the total depravity of human nature, at least, of *soldier* nature.

Just before the seven days' fight around Richmond, an old and seemingly feeble man, clad in homespun and with a squirrel-rifle on his shoulder, came to the tent of the writer inquiring for Scales' North Carolina regiment. "I have lost a son," said he, "and have come from home on foot to take his place. We *must* whip those yankees." It was then about sundown and too late to find his son, so he staid in our tent.—All efforts, to persuade him to give up his design, were in vain. He started off early next morning, and his after fate is unknown. The incident is mentioned as illustrating the spirit, which animated all classes of our people at the beginning of the war. We did not suspect, till the tide turned against us, that there were so many union men in the country. Perhaps, they did not know it themselves. How could they know it, when raising companies and regiments for the rebel service and making war speeches and writing war poetry "to fire the Southern heart"? It reminds us of that scene in Milton. Our failure, like the spear of Ithuriel, has changed them from toads into devils!

Our old hero was named Gordon and was from Milton, N. C. Colonel (afterwards Lieutenant General) J. B. Gordon, took quite an interest in him, and we believe, traced up some sort of relationship.

In the Mexican war, two Lieutenants were attached to the company of Captain and Brevet Major ———. The Captain and the senior Lieutenant, at the outbreak of the civil war, took sides with their own section, and rose to high rank in the United States Army. The junior Lieutenant joined his own people, put on the grey and eventually adorned it with the wreath and stars. The senior subaltern was remarkable for his learning, his talents, and his eccentricity. One of his peculiarities was a cordial dislike of his Captain, a most excellent man.—Brought up in Puritan principles, the eccentric officer never indulged in oaths, *unless very angry*, and then his vocabulary was really astonishing. However, he was never excited to the cursing point by our Captain, or Major, as we called him. But when sometning had gone wrong and the Major's back was turned he "pooh'd," "pish'd," and "good lairded" at him, in a way not very respectful and subordinate. In justice to the senior Lieutenant, it must be admitted that he did not say "good laird," unless very much astonished, or a good deal vexed. Altogether, he was a man to be respected for his learning and moral worth, and to be laughed at for his *queerness*, which was made the more impress-

ive by his great height, enormous whiskers and incessant whistling, singing, and humming.

The first march made by the company after landing at Point Isabel was late one hot afternoon. The men, weakened by long confinement on ship-board, were soon exhausted by a march over the deep sand, and sank down on the ground, as soon as halted for the night. The tent of the subalterns was put up, while the Major was attending to the issue of rations. On his return, he said, "gentlemen, I see your tent is pitched. With your permission, I will sleep in it to-night. The men are tired and I don't want to put mine up." The junior said "certainly, we will be happy to have you." The senior whistled, twirled his moustache, and strolled off with head erect and making long strides. The Major and the Sub, at length, rolled down their pallets, blew out the tallow candle, and got into bed. They had hardly done so, when the Senior was heard coming back whistling—a sure sign that he was angry,—then a "darn" was growled out, as he stumbled over a tent cord. In he came, scrambled in the dark for his pallet, jerked it round spitefully, unrolled it wrathfully, then threw his coat down violently, and said "I guess that darned old fool will come stumbling along directly." "Whom do you mean"? asked the Junior. "That darned old rascal, Maj ———, curse him, why dont he put up his own tent and not come in bothering us, when we want to sleep"? "He is already in the tent, and in bed" mildly suggested the Junior.—"Good laird" cried out the Senior in a screaming voice, which might have been heard a great way off. The young Lieutenant stuffed his blanket in his mouth to prevent an explosion. The old Major said nothing, but the next night his own tent was pitched!

In the late great struggle, the Junior ran counter to his old friend on several occasions. But even under the solemn circumstances attending a battle, he could not but think of that night scene on Brasos Island.

From Assumption Parish, La., we get the following anecdote of one of the noblest and truest of the gallant sons of the South.

At the battle of Chancellorsville, a gallant La., officer, a lawyer by profession, who had lost his left arm in a previous battle was so unfortunate as to lose his right leg. Immediately after the amputation was over, he exclaimed "the ambition of my life is thwarted; heretofore, I aspired to a Judgeship, but now must give it up, as I am too one-sided to give an impartial opinion."

That officer was Brig. Gen. F. T. Nicholls.

From our kind friend P. E. P. of Matagorda, Texas, we are indebted for the next incident.

There was an officer in the 6th Texas infantry, (a regiment which was engaged in the battle of Arkansas Post, and was there captured,) who had as a *valet* a certain aged negro-man, called briefly by the "name and style" of "old Dock." He was quite an oddity and withal a very honest, faithful, old fellow.

On the morning of the first day of the battle, the regiment was sent down the river to take position and dispute the passage of the gunboats up to the fort, as much as possible, by picking off pilots and annoying the gunners. Old Dock was left at the camps to take care of baggage, and cook up rations for his master. But just as the gunboats were moving up, and had nearly reached a point, whence they could open fire on the regiment; old Dock appeared on the scene, with his old blue, longtailed coat and smashed beaver hat and looking very earnest and determined. He was at once

accosted by his master,—"Dock, go back, sir, and stay with the baggage, you'll get the top of your old head peeled off by a bombshell directly. The gunboats will open in five minutes!"

"No sir, no sir, dis chile is bound to take care of you. My old miss told me to take good care of her son, an bless de Lord I'm gwine to do it!"

"Yes, you'll get shot, that's what you'll do," said a soldier standing near, "one of those 32-pound shots will raise you into the top of a tree."

Searching deep into the arcana of one of the pockets of his long-tailed blue, the valorous African drew out the stock and barrel of a pocket pistol, which he proceeded to screw together, with a countenance fierce as a wild boar whetting his tusks, remarking "Oh! I'se prepared, I ain't afeard! let 'em shoot deir sling-shots, an bung-shells, and bless de Lord, I'le hurt one o' dem gunboats for true! I'le shoot 'um plum froo wid dis pistul, I will, I ain't one o' dat kind wot git scared; no sah, let 'um come on!"

Boom—bang—whirr-r-r—and a large shell exploded quite close to this ebony Mars, causing his knees to shake and his eyes to roll wildly in his head; and another and another followed in quick succession, each one adding to old Dock's terror. A fourth one felled a tree with a tremendous crash, in twenty yards of our hero, who forgetting all his martial ardor and anxiety for his master, dropped his terrible weapon, and minus his hat, with his coat tails standing out like the train of a comet and his eyes set in an ecstacy of terror, he fled to the rear. As was afterwards learned, he stopped not at the camps, and never "drew rein" until he reached Pine Bluff, seventy miles away, and from there continued on to his home, whence no threats or persuasions could ever induce him to return to his master.

Poor old Dock! I wonder what freedom brought him? May his shadow never be less! P. E. P.

From Charlottesville, Va., the following fact has reached us.

In Montgomery county, Va., in 1861, as the gallant regiment of 4th Va., volunteers marched off to do battle for their country, an old woman called to her grandchildren, as they passed her door: "Carry me out to look at them; it will be the third generation of my family, I have seen march off under the Prestons to the wars; my father went with Colonel William Preston, in the war of the Revolution; my husband, with his son, Colonel James Preston in 1812; and now I want to see my grandson, go with James Preston's son, Col. James F. Preston."

An expression was very common in the Army of Tennessee, without any one being able to explain how it started. A soldier sends us an explanation of it from Warrenton, Va.

When R's brigade of cavalry was first organized, it contained some rather excitable individuals, who were accused by Forrest's men of making more use of their spurs than of their swords. The brigade, eventually, became distinguished for its gallantry; but at the time of which we speak, it was a laughing-stock not merely to Forrest's veterans, but to the yankees themselves. One day, on a train in Mississippi, the rear car was occupied by soldiers cracking their rough jokes upon one another. When their fun was at its height, a very ungainly-looking "reb," with clanking spurs, long uncombed hair, and a general appearance of long disuse of a "biled" shirt, stalked to a window and thrust his carbine out of it. Then he stopped, and looked around, as though apprehensive that he was doing something wrong, and inquired, "is thar any of R's men aboard this shebang"?

No answer. "I say, boys, does any of you belong to R's cavalry"? At length, some one spoke up, "I belong to R's cavalry."—"Axin yer pardon, stranger," said the uncouth individual, "my old gun is dirty and I wanted to clean her out, I'm jist gwine to pop a cap. Don't be skeered, honey"!

From this, started the taunt so often used to cowards. "lie down, I'm gwine to pop a cap."

To explain the next anecdote, it will be necessary to premise that a "muley" is a cow without horns.

Rebel impudence is a phrase now very often in Jacobin mouths. It could have been applied, very appropriately, to the rebel soldiers during the war. Imagine a grave, dignified gentleman stopped by a ragged rebel, who seems anxious to gain some important information.

Rebel. "Mister, did you ever see a cow"?

Lofty gentleman. "Yes."

Rebel. "Did she have horns"?

Lofty gentleman. "Yes."

Rebel. "Well, then, I spect she warn't a 'muley.' Good-by!"

Nothing was so characteristic of the Georgia soldiers, as the determination, with which they would hold a point. We doubt whether even British troops, with all their bull-dog obstinacy, ever clung to a position, with as much tenacity, as did the Georgia troops, again, and again, during the civil war.—On the morning of the battle of South Mountain, the 23d and 28th Georgia regiments were discovered, by the writer of this, to be in a wrong position, and were brought back and placed behind a stone-wall, which ran perpendicularly to the pike. There, they lay quiet all day; the enemy making no direct advance by the pike, but succeeding before night, in carrying the ground on both sides of it, and far to the rear of the stone-wall. By some strange oversight, the two regiments were not discovered, and the enemy thinking the coast clear, pushed a column up the pike. It received a galling fire from the stone-wall and fell back. The effort was repeatedly made to advance, but was always foiled, until it was finally abandoned, about nine o'clock at night, or at an earlier hour. A group of officers were about the toll-house on the summit of the mountain, some standing, some seated, and others lying down. Every volley from the stone-wall was responded to by laughter at the toll-house and the expression "Georgia is having a free fight." But, indeed, it was no laughing matter, for had the stone-wall been carried, the rout would have been complete. And to do this, the U. S. commader ought to have sent his advanced troops back, instead of pushing his rear troops forward. There are but few instances in history, of a grave disaster being averted by troops, who were themselves cut off and surrounded.—And we remember no precisely parallel case to this one. A most notable feat of heroism, it deserves to be remembered!

Soon after the close of the war, (1865,) Bishop Johns, in traveling through his Diocese, one day came upon a lone grave. Seeing a head-board, and feeling curious to know whose it was, he went to it, dismounted, and read the following inscription.

The yankee host with blood-stained hands
Came Southward to divide our lands,
This lonely and contracted lot
Is *all*, that this poor yankee got.

A friend furnishes us with another instance of soldier assurance, effrontery, or impudence,—call it what you please. A seedy-looking individual was standing before a country-store. His soiled and tattered clothes were in keeping, with his sallow complexion, and woe-begone countenance.—Two horsemen rode up, stopped and looked inquiringly at the for-

lorn loafer and then called out "Mr. Store-keeper have you any medicine"? "Yes," replied he. "Give this man a dose of ipecac quick and charge it to us"! This they said, and nothing more, and then rode off. A momentary gleam of intelligence seemed to light up the face of the loafer. He seemed to comprehend the situation and muttered half-aloud, "them must be sogers"!

During the war, we happened to see a letter, from a Virginia mother to an officer, entreating him to use his influence to get her son transferred to his command. "I have but one son," wrote she, "my only child, I give him up freely to his country. But I want him to be with a man, who fears and honors God." This was the prevailing sentiment of Southern mothers. They feared the temptations of army life, more than the dangers of the battle-field.

In the days of *short* rations, and there were many *long* days of that kind in Dixie, an order came to cook up rations for four days.—Captain ——— announced the order in due form to his company.—A rebel Pat pondered it over for some time, and then propounded to his Captain the question, "Captain, if a mon ates up three days' rations at one male, how long will four days' rations last him? Faith, it bothers me intirely"! We believe that the Captain was not able to solve the problem, arithmetically. Probably, Pat solved it, practically, to his *satisfaction*, or to his *dis*satisfaction, we know not which is the right word.

An Arkansas soldier sends us from Memphis, Tennessee, the next seven anecdotes.

In July, '61, our regiment was ordered into Missouri; where with other regiments, it was formed into a brigade and placed in command of General Hardee. None of the command had ever seen Hardee, and all were on the *qui vive* to see a live Brigadier, who had been in the old U. S. army. Hardee, on his arrival, was dressed in a very plain faded uniform, which looked rather seedy in the eyes of those, who thought he would be covered with buttons and gold lace. When Hardee came out to the camps, he found a guard line stretched around the regiment: and on the post, to which he advanced was stationed, a backwoods specimen of humanity, who being from the swamps of Arkansas had never before been ten miles away from home. The sentry paced his post backwards and forwards, his gun slung across his shoulder in a devil-may-care style, and with an independent strut that denoted he felt the importance of his duties. Hardee stopped within a few feet of the guard line, probably, to study this soldier, who whistled away as he walked post not paying attention to anybody, either to the right or left of him. Hardee concluded to try him by crossing his line; but as he started across, the sentry threw his gun to his shoulder and yelled to him to stop—"stop thar stranger, and don't you cross that ar line or I'll blow your head off." Hardee told him, who he was, and that he intended taking command of the troops at that place. "Oh" says the sentry "you are General Hardee are you?" and dropping his gun on the ground, he grasped the General's hands very heartily, "How are you, General Hardee—I am glad to see you, General, hope you and all your family are well, sir. Come down to-day and take dinner with me, my name is Tom Simpkins and I belong to the H—Guards. Come down General, and I'll give you a good dinner."

The General thanked him kindly and walked off, thinking no doubt that our Arkansas boys were a rich set, if this was a fair specimen.

C. G. L.

When our regiment was organized at the beginning of the war, Judge ———, an old man, but a

prominent and talented lawyer, was chosen Major. His efforts to learn tactics verified the adage "you can't teach an old dog new tricks." Unfortunately, the Major was quite deaf and in reëchoing the Colonel's commands on drill would sometimes make very laughable mistakes. One day, the regiment was on skirmish drill when the Colonel gave the order—"rally by platoons." The Major, in his deafness misunderstanding the command, looked very much puzzled, but at length sung out in stentorian tones—"rally by raccoons"! He never tried skirmish drill again. C. G. L.

General Johnston had a surgeon on his staff, who was quite a fancy fellow, always wearing a "biled shirt," paper collar and white kid gloves; and looking as if he were just out of a fashionable tailor shop. The old Army of Tennessee was in retreat on the Dalton-Atlanta campaign, and the boys were all ragged, dirty, and greasy. As usual, they were in a yelling mood, cracking jokes on every one who passed. The surgeon with the General and staff, came riding by and his fancy appearance, contrasted with that of the high privates on foot, naturally caused all to look at him.—As he neared a certain regiment, his horse, a very fine fiery animal, curvetted and caracoled, and finally became unmanageable. As the kid-gloved surgeon was doing his utmost to quiet and rein in his fretful animal, a long lantern-jawed Tennesseean raised up and said to him—"Look here, stranger, please make that horse prance a little for a sick man." C. G. L.

At the battle of Murfreesboro', the Major of a certain regiment, a very fine speaker by the way, made a speech to his men, and as they had done good service at Shiloh and Perryville, he dubbed them "Heroes of Shiloh and Perryville." He made use of that hackneyed quotation "Strike till the last armed foe expires," &c., &c. After a very flowery speech, he concluded by telling the "Heroes of Shiloh and Perryville" to die rather than retreat. In the course of the fight, the regiment was compelled to give way before a superior force. The Colonel of the regiment had just returned from the rear, where he had been sick until he was worn to a skeleton, and was now so feeble he could scarcely sit on his horse.—He had nothing to say when the major made his flowery speech, but the retreat of his regiment roused his ire and loosened his tongue. As the regiment fell back slowly, he raised himself in his stirrups and in a weak shrill voice he sung out: "Heroes of Shiloh and Perryville, halt! Heroes of Shiloh and Perryville, stop running! or I will blow your brains out in two minutes"! C. G. L.

On the campaign from Dalton down to Atlanta, several boys were seated on the ground playing "draw-poker." General Hardee, who always addressed soldiers courteously, passed by and not knowing how they were employed said "how are you, boys"? One of them looked up and said "losing badly, General, losing badly"!

On Hood's retreat out of Tennessee, a ragged, dirty high private, who had lost his gun, cartridge-box, knapsack, canteen, haversack and coat, was setting on a fence by the road-side reflecting on the fortunes of war. The nature of his meditations may be judged of by a remark, he let fall in a subdued undertone, which happened to be overheard by a passer by, "well, the Army of Tennessee *is* scattered, that ar a fact, but this child *aint*, no sirree"!

On the same retreat, General Hood rode by a group of hatless, shoeless, coatless soldiers at a halt by the road-side, pitying their con-

dition, he said to them "that was a bad deal, gentlemen." One of them answered, "it was the shuffle, General, it was the shuffle."

C. G. L.

The annexed letter comes from Captain R. B., late of the 44th North Carolina.

I see in the January number of your Magazine that reference is made to the fight made by part of the 44th North Carolina at South Anna Bridge. Lieutenant Colonel Hargrave did the fighting.—He commanded two companies A. and G. about 80 men—fought 1500 yankees four hours—was himself knocked down twice, wounded in two places by sabre, in two places with bayonet, and after firing all the loads from his pistol, threw it at a yankee and knocked him down, causing him to swallow several of his teeth. He had sworn never to surrender, and never did, but was captured by several yankees, who seized him and threw him down and *held* him—they were *too thick* around him to sabre or pistol him. Private Cash of Co. A., stood upon the abutment of the bridge, and ran a sabre bayonet through a yankee, the bayonet sticking half a foot out behind his back—and had drawn his weapon for another thrust, when he was shot by two yankees through the head. Private Cates of Co. G., stood on top of a breastwork for an hour amid a storm of bullets—he was posted there to see when the enemy, who were formed beyond a little rising ground, should advance. I stood myself at the other end of the work, for a like purpose, and the yankee who guarded me, asked me, if I was the man who was standing at the end of the work, with sword and pistol on—I said yes—and he good humoredly replied, "well, you are hard to hit—I took four deliberate cracks at you, at hardly 150 yards, but am glad I missed you."

PRATTVILLE, Alabama.

Your mention of the "six heroes of Petersburg" recalls to memory the deed of one, who, falling on the field of glory, now answers to the roll-call above. On one occasion, while the Army of Tennessee, was slowly retreating towards Atlanta, being flanked out of every position it occupied, the entrenchments were heavily shelled by the enemy. A shell struck the works bounded over and stopped in the midst of the men. Sergeant Norman Cameron, (Lieutenant by brevet and commanding company,) seized and cast it out of the works. This gallant man, a member of Co. K. first Alabama regiment, was killed at Atlanta on the 28th of July, 1864, while leading his men into action.

Another gallant man deserves to be also placed on the roll of honor. Lieutenant Schurmer of De Gournay's battallion of heavy artillery, was in command of Battery No. 11, at the siege of Port Hudson. The enemy had opened upon this battery, which was the key to the river works, with twenty pieces of rifled ordnance, from the land batteries and also concentrated upon it, the fire of the mortar boats, and gun-boats; the sharpshooters were within one hundred yards. In the midst of this fire, Lieut. Schurmer leaped over the parapet and picked up the flag and replaced it three several times, after it was shot away. A few days later, he sealed his devotion with his blood.

Lieutenant John Frank, Co. K. 1st Alabama, in the same eventful siege, after seeing the detachment at his gun shot down, one after another, took the gunner's place as he fell, and was himself mortally wounded, before he could point the gun.

An unknown corporal in the same siege, volunteered to go out

at night and fire some cotton bales, which the enemy had rolled up within seventy-five yards of the works, as a protection to sharp shooters. On the first attempt, the port-fires failed to work, he returned procured fresh ones and succeeded in burning the cotton.

D. P. S.

We knew Lieutenant Schurmer well. He was a German by birth, and had joined our service in New Orleans. He was, probably, the very bravest of all that gallant band, which came from the Queen city of the South. He had charge of a 42-pounder at the siege of Yorktown; where his skill, energy, and devotion attracted our attention. He made some of the most remarkable shots, we ever witnessed, or heard of. We remember to have read an account by one of the French Princes on General McClellan's staff, of this wonderful firing, which was regarded with the utmost astonishment in the Federal army.

On the night of the retreat from Yorktown, Lieutenant Schurmer remained behind and kept up the firing of his solitary gun from Fort Magruder, until daylight. Many precautions had been taken to deceive the enemy, but nothing did it so effectually, as this devoted act of the noble German.

Worn out as he was by the toil of the night, he attempted to reach Williamsburg on foot, but fell exhausted by the wayside and was captured by the enemy's cavalry. He was soon released; but was in bad health for a long time in consequence of his over-exertion.

A generous Frenchman on our staff was excited even to tears, in speaking of the self-sacrificing spirit of Schurmer.

The last resting place of the heroic German is in the land he loved so well. May a grateful nation cherish his memory!

We get our next from an authentic source; but to avoid personality, the place of the occurrence and the name of the principal actor are suppressed.

In one of the first disasters of the war, a regiment of cavalry was trotting to the rear in very respectable speed, when a cry came up from the rear "gallop"! The leading files prompt to obey such an *order* broke into a gallop, when the Colonel, an old militia officer, very fat and very full of the importance of his position, shouted "halt! Who gave that order"? "It came from the rear, Colonel." "I reckon, I am the Colonel of this regiment. Who dares give it an order, without sending it through me? Halt! I say halt! Stop or I'll shoot you"! Just then a cloud of dust was seen to the rear of the regiment. The indignant Colonel felt his wrath subside at the sight.—"Well," said he, "I expect that order was a very sensible one after all, gallop! boys, gallop!" And away they went like a whirlwind. The fun of it is that the enemy had no cavalry whatever to follow up his success, and his infantry even was not in pursuit. The cloud of dust, which had changed the Colonel's indignation into timely prudence, was raised by some of our own fugitives.

A German, named Seidel, was the *chef de cuisine* of a rebel General during the war. He took the field with the first troops, and remained till the closing scenes around Appomattox C. H., where he was not paroled with other distinguished personages, for the simple reason that he escaped, before the *cordon* was drawn too tight.—He was a pastry-cook by profession, but never had to exercise the mysteries of his art for four long years, except when U. S. sutler-wagons fell into rebel hands. He had not an idle life, however, and his skill and ingenuity were often taxed to the utmost in providing dinners, from the scantiest mate-

rials. But at Sharpsburg, his difficulties in that way reached their climax. He had nothing but some green corn and slices taken from a *cow* killed by Federal artillery, while quietly grazing on that unhealthy pasture-field. With these materials, he determined to get up a dinner for his chief, and went into a kitchen, where there was an excellent cooking stove, and put on a pot to boil. The dinner did not come! And the little impediments in the way can best be described in Seidel's own words. "I put te peef mit te corn inter te pot and I see wun pig turkey-rooster. I pull off him head and puts her inter te pot mit te corn. Te yankee shell knock off ter shimbley; py tam, tey shoot too high. Turder shell come troo te cook-house; py tam, tey shoot plenty low. Turder shell hit te stove; py tam, turkey-rooster, corn and peef all gone. Py tam, I go too."

One of the bravest of the brave, and the most faithful among the faithful, the true man might readily be pardoned for not getting a dinner, under these rather extraordinary circumstances.—May his supply of corn and beef and turkey never fail.

Col. J. M. McCue sends us our last anecdote from Mount Solon, Virginia.

There lived in the summer of 1862, on the Mechanicsville Turnpike near Richmond, a generous, hospitable, whole-souled Virginia gentleman, who, however, was very passionate, and excitable, and who when flurried was apt to mix up the reverential and the profane, the sublime and the ridiculous, in a very odd kind of way. He had given up all his crop, pasture fields and every thing he could spare, to the C. S. Government. But he had reserved one ten-acre lot of corn for his own use, and this he guarded with unceasing vigilance. One day, while on watch, he discovered a group of horsemen approaching, and instead of going round his fence, they took the most direct route right through.—His wrath was instantly aroused and supposing that they belonged to that class of individuals, whom a well-known French officer in our service used to call "de damn cavelree," he rushed out in great rage. "How dare you go through my field? damn you, I'll report you to President Davis." "We are on urgent business and took the shortest cut," mildly replied the leading horseman, in an old faded grey suit.

Gentleman. "Do you command this company"?

Horseman. "Yes, sir."

Gentleman. "I'll teach you not to ride through my field, damn you; what's your name"?

Horseman. "My name is Jackson."

Gentleman. "What Jackson"?

Horseman. "T. J. Jackson."

Gentleman. "What is your rank"?

Horseman. "I am a Major General in the Provisional Army."

Gentleman. (Raising his hat.) "Bless my soul, you ain't *Stonewall* Jackson"?

Horseman. "I am sometimes called by that name."

Gentleman. (Rushing eagerly up to him and shaking his hand.) "God bless you, General Jackson, I am so glad to see you. Go back and ride all over my field, damn you, ride all over my field. Get down and come into my house. I am so glad to see. Ride all over my field, all over it, all over it.—Bless your soul, I am so glad to see you."

EDITORIAL.

THE SOUTHERN RELIEF FAIR.

The great Fair at St. Louis last fall would have earlier claimed our attention, but for our want of statistical information. We copy from the St. Louis *Guardian* the following statement.

The Treasurer of the Southern Relief Fair has issued a full and detailed account of her stewardship. The total receipts for the grand fair amounted to the handsome sum of $136,757 66, and the expenses $10,463 68, leaving a balance to the credit of the charity of $126,293 98; of this balance $24,743 68 was paid to the Distributing Committee, the remainder being applied to the relief of applicants or sent in goods to the South.

The Treasurer still expects to realize the sum of $3,000 for outstanding tickets in the grand raffle, and the tickets in the same apportioned to States having drawn articles valued at $15,825 should be added to the total net receipts, and this, together with numerous prizes unclaimed which were sent South, will swell the total of "relief" to $150,000.

In the report which we have hurriedly glanced over, the ladies pay a well-merited compliment to Thomas Walsh, Esq., the architect, whose good taste and efficient services so much aided the splendid success that has attended the entire undertaking. The proprietor of the Hall, Mr. Schoolfield, also receives deserved honorable mention.

Full files of the *Olive*, the organ of the Association, have been sent us and we have read them all with deep interest, aye, with deep emotion. May God bless noble Missouri. From almost every city, town and village, aid has been sent to our suffering people. It is really wonderful that such a generous, hightoned State should be afflicted and inflicted with such a Governor. Perhaps, as St. Paul had his "thorn in the flesh," it is permitted that this noble people should be tormented with a big ugly brier!

Many of the patrons of the St. Louis Fair were union men and some were officers in the U. S. Army. May their deeds of charity be remembered when we all stand before the great White Throne, with the cry for mercy upon our lips!

We regret that we have not space to report fully the proceedings. We can only give as a specimen of the whole

THE PRIZE DEPARTMENT.

The Grand Prize Department, under the direction of Messrs. G. G. Schoolfield, Silas Bent, Major Douglass, and Charles Miller, attracted much attention. Of the many fine prizes distributed, the following constituted a part:

Grand Prize—Fine building lot on Olive street, between 17th and 18th sts, donated by James H Lucas, Esq	$10,000
Grand Steamboat Prize, made up by the Steamboatmen of St. Louis—Solid silver service, including forks and spoons	5,000
Grand Saloon Prize—Magnificent set of diamonds, donated by the Saloons of St. Louis	3,500
Grand Hotel Prize—Elegant solid silver tea set, waiter and urn included, 8 pieces, donated by the Hotels of St. Louis	2,500
Fine building lot on 9th street, N St. Louis, donated by Mr. S S Jerman	2,500
Elegant solid silver tea set, with waiter and urn, donated by the tobacconists and segar manufacturers of St. Louis	2,000
Grand piano, elaborately carved, manufactured and donated by Mr. Knabe, of Baltimore, thro' Prof. Anton of St. Louis	1,800
Fifty coils of rope for baling cotton, donated by the bale rope manufacturers of St. Louis	1,500
Superb dressing case, mounted with 175 ounces of sterling silver—cost in Vienna 5,000 francs, donated by Eugene Jaccard & Company	1,500
Building lot in N st. Louis	1,250
Magnificent diamond cross, donated by the butchers and drovers of St. Louis	1,000
Building lot in N St. Louis, donated by Geo. R. Robinson	1,000
Solid silver medallion tea set, six pieces, donated by W. James, of the Meramec Iron Works	1,000
Splendid carriage, rosewood and brocatel, donated by the carpet and furniture dealers of St. Louis	1,000
Eligible residence lot on Lay avenue, W of Grand avenue, donated by Mrs. Charlotte Lay	1,000

Very elegant piano, manufactured and donated by the St. Louis Piano Manufacturing Co. .....
Fine set rosewood bedroom furniture, donated by —— .....
Fine buggy, donated by J. S. McCune, Esq. .....
160 acres of land, donated by Geo. W. Smizer .....
Fine buggy, donated by W. D. Rogers, 1000 Chesnut street, Philadelphia .....
Fine oil painting, "Lake George," painted by Rummer, and donated by Bast & Pollock .....
Fine silver epergne, donated by C. S. Russel, successor to Ed. Mead & Co .....
Pair Arabian steeds, (bronze) weighing 100 pounds .....
Fine buggy horse, donated by J. B. Carson & Brother, and Hurt, Helmers & Voorhies .....
Full and complete set of elegant French China (191 pieces), donated by Messrs Miller & Bro.
Fine gold vest chain, set with diamonds and rubies, donated by Messrs. W. W. Crane & Co., of New York, through D. C. Jaccard & Co .....
Pair fine parlor ornaments, with bedsteads, vases and roses .....
Very fine and large music box, donated by Messrs D'Oench & Co.
Fine gold watch and chain, (lady's), donated by Messrs D. A. Millington & Co .....
Porto Rico pony, 11 hands high, donated by Henry Bell & Son
Fine oil painting, "Vessels off Sandy Hook" donated by G. L. & J. B. Kelly, N. Y., through J. Kennard & Son .....
Fine music box, donated by Messrs Wm. D'Oench & Son .....
Fine oil painting, "Shower of Gold," donated by Meridan Brittania Company of N. Y. through D. C. Jaccard & Co .....
Fine sewing machine, donated by the agent of Wheeler & Wilson machine .....
Fifty yards English Brussels carpet, donated by Hemphill, Hamlin & Co., New York, through J. Kennard & Sons .....
Fine sewing machine, donated by the agent of Florence machine.
Fine marble mantle, donated by Heitzell & Hetherington .....
Fine sewing machine, donated by E. Dean, agent of the Singer machine .....
Fine silver plated tea set, medallion pattern .....
Elegant French china tea set, 101 pieces .....
Fine bronze center piece,—Troubadour .....
Fine silver plated tea set latest style .....
Pair fine bronze statuary, "Maria Medicis and Dauphin" .....
Fine set of coral jewelry, donated by Carter, Hale & Co., N. Y. .....
Fine set single harness, donated by Homer, Rex & Tracy .....

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Elegant gin case, engraved bottles 100
Very superior lady's saddle and bridle, donated by John W. Norris, Esq. 100

In addition to the above prizes are many of handsome paintings, jewelry, china vases, toilet sets, &c.

Not content with ten thousand acts of kindness to our prisoners and with their own magnificent Fair, the generous people of Baltimore sent donations of every conceivable kind to the great Fair at St. Louis. When we forget these benevolent deeds, may our right hand forget its cunning.

BONAVENTURE, the celebrated Cemetery near Savannah, has been most graphically described by that true and tender poet, Robert M. Charlton, Esq. It is a place of solemn beauty—holly and cypress intertwined—a place for the last sleep of the lovely and good.

In the winter of 1855, a young and beautiful girl, who had been the "cynosure of all eyes" in Washington City, went to Savannah for her health. But "the good die first, while those, whose hearts are dry as summer dust, burn to the socket." Death had set his seal upon her brow, and she never returned to gladden her Virginia home. She had chosen a spot in the Cemetery for her grave, but a few days before her death; and in accordance with her wish, her remains were deposited there.

Two years afterwards, some Virginians, on a visit to Savannah, discovered, accidentally, her grave unmarked by a stone. With that devotion to, and interest in, every thing Virginian, which so characterizes every true son of that noble State, these gentlemen resolved to erect a monument to the memory of the sweet young girl. One of the party, Col. J. M. McCue, of Mt. Solon, related the incident to Mrs. Sigourney, and the beautiful lines below were elicited by it.—Has Connecticut forgotten to sym-

pathize with Virginia in her sorrow and bereavement?

Tread lightly 'mid those broad-arm'd oaks
'Neath Georgia's sunny sky,—
Where volumed mosses, gray and old,
Like banners wave their silken fold
As though some host were nigh.

Without a host, the victor came,—
Without the trumpet-cry,—
He drew no sword,—he bent no bow,—
But pass'd, and laid a victim low,
In silent mystery.

A maiden in her beauty's prime,
With eyes of holy light,
A gentle orphan, loved by all,
On whom no blight had dared to fall,—
He did not spare to smite.—

Yet blame him not, the deed was kind,
E'en though in wrath it seem'd,—
His shaft was dire,—but her's the gain,
To soar above the sphere of pain,
Where cloudless glory stream'd.

Though not in fair Virginia's vales
'Neath her own native skies,—
The lifeless sleeper sank to rest,—
Calm walks her spirit with the blest,
'Mid groves of Paradise.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Hartford, Conn., May 25, 1857.

Some of the benevolent ladies in New York, moved by sympathy with our suffering people, have succeeded in establishing a Southern Relief Association. A large meeting was held on the 25th January in the Cooper Institute, in order to present the claims of the impoverished South to the christian charity, of the more favored sections of a common country. From a friend in New York, we have received an account of this interesting meeting.

On last evening, a meeting was convened at the Cooper Institute for the purpose of presenting the subject of Southern relief to the public, and of exciting such an interest, as its magnitude and importance demand. It would be difficult to conceive of a more distinguished and talented looking body of men, than that which appeared on the rostrum. Scarcely one, that would not have been singled out, by an intelligent physiognomist, as a "man of mark." This must be admitted, though I recognized some, as ancient and incorrigible enemies to the cause, we held so dear.

Mr. Peter Cooper, famous alike for his beneficence and sound judgment, was called to the chair. He made a few pertinent remarks, in which he said it was the intention of the New York people, to prove to their Southern neighbors, that they were not in heart, enemies. They meant to do them good in a substantial manner, to bind the nation together in bonds of friendship and sympathy, and to prevent, if possible, for all time, a recurrence of the unhappy experiences, of the last four years of our national history. His speech elicited rounds of applause. A number of wealthy and influential men, were, by acclamation, voted into the vice presidency—and Mr. Bright, a Southern man, who declared that he had stood by the Union and to the Union, was then presented to the audience. He stated, that his connection editorially, with a daily paper in the city, had given him very clear insight into the pecuniary condition of the people in the South. He detailed stories of suffering in various quarters, and made an energetic appeal to the sympathies and charity, of those who had been more highly favored.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was next introduced. It was my first hearing of the world-renowned orator of Plymouth Church, and without permitting long entertained and well grounded prejudice to affect an estimate of his abilities, I am bound to regard him as one of the most finished orators, to whom I have ever listened. His language is glowing, beautiful, and liquid as the lava tide of a volcano;—and had he not

devotedly hugged his sable idol—I should have been captivated by his masterly eloquence. His address, very seriously lacked taste and judgment. Why must he be forever seeking to disentomb the festering remains of our perished institutions? Why pick the bones of the corpse, and arouse to consciousness the slumbering feeling of wrong and oppression? If we have sinned, the North is responsible for it—England is responsible for it—they introduced the negro—and surely our bitter poverty is punishment enough, without an everlasting reference to what can only awaken painful emotions.—He strongly recommended generosity, and concluded by saying—he looked upon the meeting to night, and the result that would follow, as the best policy of reconstruction that could be devised.—Who knew, but that this new valley of Achor would be the way through which we should pass to a closer and more cordial brotherhood?

The venerable Horace Greely was next announced. He was received with prolonged applause, and appeared with the characteristic neck-tie, knotted loosely at the throat, in his right hand the inevitable red bandana,—wearing a rather rusty coat, with his straggling, hoary locks unkempt—the personification of Mr. Greely *and no one else*. His individuality is as unique in *personnel*, as it is in politics, and barring his peculiar predilections and idiosyncracies, there are said to be few men more amiable and humane than he.—Much to my individual satisfaction, and in very charming taste, Mr. G. did not introduce the negro, but alluded to the causes for Southern distress, in his plain, simple, earnest style, and urged the necessity of ample and immediate relief. In spite of myself, I feel my long cherished prejudices melting away, before his noble zeal in the cause of suffering humanity.

Mr. Wm. T. Coleman made a few practical remarks. Then at the suggestion of a gentleman in the audience, General Anderson, of Fort Sumter distinction, was called up. He modestly commended the enterprise in a few words, and Rev. Dr. Kendrick made special application, by citing some cases of extreme want.

A noble, generous spirit breathed in all the speeches and seemed to pervade the whole audience.—The only exhibition of bad taste was in the case of Mr. Beecher. In every other respect, the earnest appeals of the speakers, and the attentive, sympathizing deportment of the hearers were in admirable keeping with the noble objects of the meeting.

What a pleasing contrast have we here, in the conduct of eminent men and noble women to that of the "bummer" in Chicago, who in cruel mockery sent to Mrs. B. A. F. Mears, Treasurer of the Southern Relief Association of Baltimore, five hundred dollars in Confederate money, which he had doubtless stolen at the South, and who accompanied the *gift* with a letter as insulting as it was heartless. It is to be hoped that if the poor creature has a "conscience seared as with a hot iron" by his house-burning and marauding at the South, he has at least enough of shame left to feel rebuked by the noble behavior of his superiors.

Mr. Greely's call for this meeting was in as good taste, as his speech reported by our correspondent. We copy it in full that others may judge of his spirit and taste.

THE SUFFERING SOUTH.—We rejoice that a vigorous movement is making for the relief of the destitute South, and that all parties in our more fortunate region, forgetting political prejudices and personal animosities, are uniting in a combined effort to save our Southern brethren from starvation.—The most pitiful accounts reach us from all quarters of the recent theatre

of war. Poverty is all but universal, and is even worse than it has been generally depicted. We have already called attention to an organization of ladies in this city, for the purpose of collecting provisions and money for destitute Southerners, and we are now pleased to learn that a movement on a much larger scale has been inaugurated under auspices, which take from it every appearance of partisanship, and seem to insure its success. A meeting of prominent citizens was held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on Saturday evening, and a committee was appointed to call a public meeting and devise the best mode of general effort. That meeting will be held at the Cooper Institute on Friday evening. Peter Cooper will preside, and addresses will be made by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley, and other gentlemen. Surely New York, which did so much in years past for famine-struck Ireland, and for revolutionary Greece, and which is now putting forth such generous exertions in behalf of the insurgent Cretans, will not suffer this appeal, from a people who have so many claims upon its generosity to fall upon dull ears. If the meeting raises less than a million of dollars, we shall be disappointed.

No State has shown a stronger regard for Constitutional liberty than glorious little Delaware.—The Dover *Gazette* gives the following synopsis of Gov. Saulsbury's Inaugural Address.

He expresses a becoming pride in the position of his old commonwealth, and reminds his fellow-citizens that the remark that "Delaware the first to adopt will be the last to abandon the Constitution," is still inviolate. The wrongs and oppressions which many of her people have endured from the mailed hands of Federal officers and soldiers, it cannot be expected will be redressed through the power of so small a State as Delaware. But it is hoped that the sternness with which those innovations of the Constitution have been exposed will be beneficial to future generations, and as an example for our sons valued above all price. The day, however, may yet come when those, who have set the laws of the State at defiance, and imprisoned without a hearing and without cause, a large number of our people, will view their course as a precedent for the greatest evils and worse tyranny. Then it may be those who have suffered will find redress. Until then they must remain content with the consolation of innocence, and the sympathy of thousands of friends who felt deeply the wrongs that were imposed.

Ex-Gov. Vance, in his great and eloquent, as well as spicy and laughable Lecture, "All About It," declares that the great lesson, taught during the last few years, is that "circumstances alter cases." And then for the edification of his legal brethren, he quotes from Webster's Spelling Book the story of the farmer and lawyer.

As a very happy illustration of the same great truth, we append the following letter. Is it "a little joke"?

Reply of Mr. Lincoln, to A. H. Stephens, of Georgia.

[For your own eye only.]

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Dec. 22, 1860.

Hon. A. H. Stephens:

MY DEAR SIR: Your obliging answer to my short note is just received, and for which please accept my thanks. I fully appreciate the present peril the country is in, and the weight of responsibility on me. Do the people of the South really entertain fears that a Republican Administration would, directly or indirectly, interfere with their slaves? If they do I wish to assure you, as once a friend, and still, I hope, not an enemy, that there is no cause for such fears. The South would be in no more danger in this respect, than it would in the days of Washington. I suppose, however, this does not meet the case. You think slavery is right and ought to be extended; while we think it wrong and, ought to be restricted. That I suppose is the rub. It certainly is the only substantial difference between us.

Yours very truly,
A. LINCOLN.

The rise of California, in twenty years, to its present position of wealth, power and greatness, is the great miracle of the 19th century. Schools, churches, and colleges have sprung up as by magic, and lawlessness and ignorance are giving way before them. The press too has become a powerful agent for good, and it is really gratifying to find that the periodicals of this new world on the Pacific are equal in typography, mechanical execution, and literary excellence, to the best of their contemporaries in the East. The *Christian Spectator*, of San Francisco, is a *religious* newspaper in the best sense of the word, and not a medley of politics and blasphemy, like many of our so-called religious papers. It is cheering to find a newspaper devoted to the

work of teaching Bible truth. We wish it great success.

The *Occidental and Vanguard* is not inferior to the weeklies published in the great cities on the Atlantic coast. We copy from it the following interesting statistics, which will surprise our readers in the older States.

PROPERTY AND PRODUCTS OF CALIFORNIA.

"The following statement, compiled from the *Times'* report of the various County Assessors' returns for 1866, shows the approximate quantity, number and value of the articles mentioned:

Land enclosed, (acres)	3,826,687
Land cultivated, "	1,263,638
Land in barley, "	530,669
Land in wheat, "	428,424
Horses	151,816
Cows	95,277
Sheep	850,226
Hogs	149,549
Chickens	646,427
Fruit trees	3,158,919
Grape vines	16,333,543
Value of Real Estate and Improvements	$100,000,000
Value of Personal Property	49,932,428
Value of cattle, sheep and hogs slaughtered	5,958,300
Value of fruit raised	1,460,477
Wheat, (bushels)	10,393,761
Barley, "	14,706,186
Wines, (gallons)	1,332,730
Butter, (pounds)	2,899,686
Cheese, "	1,601,733
Wool, "	2,679,450
Eggs, (dozens)	1,728,433

The report seems to be incomplete in some particulars; especially so in regard to the value of fruit raised, there being no returns from some extensive fruit growing counties, and we see that Mr. Keller, writing to the Sacramento *Union*, estimates the wine products of Los Angelos county alone, at more than 1,000,000 gallons. Generally, however, the above figures are sufficiently near the facts to enable the reader to form a tolerably correct idea of the extent and value of the property and products of our State."

Dr. J. R. Sparkman, one of the very best informed, and most thoroughly scientific of Southern agriculturalists, writes to us that the rice crop of South Carolina will be less than one-third of the yield, before the war. With the cotton crop, it is still worse than with the rice. Dr. J. S. Copes, President of the New Orleans Academy of Sciences, estimates the cotton crop of 1866, at less than a million of bales. One of our exchanges says that the products of Jamaica are about one-fifth, of what they were previous to emancipation.—We have not been able to procure any statistics concerning Jamaica, but suppose that one-fifth is a high estimate. In a material, worldly point of view, here is one of the fruits of emancipation. But the moral aspect is still more deplorable. The Rev. C. K. Marshall, of Vicksburg, Miss., says that the negroes are relapsing into idolatry and Obeism. And we know that their attendance upon religious worship has fallen off everywhere. But it is with the young, that the corruption has been most rapid.—In the *Baltimore Episcopal Methodist*, we notice a remark of Lord Shaftsbury, that the dangerous age is between eight and sixteen. If this be, generally, a dangerous period of life—one peculiarly liable to temptation—'tis tenfold more so with the young freedman. Under the system of slavery, the parents took but little control over their children, after they had reached the age of eight or ten, and left their discipline to the master. Now these youngsters are almost without any restraining influence, and the increase of wickedness among them is fearfully great. Take a single example of it. Any citizen will tell you that he hears more profanity among this class in a single day, than he heard in long years before emancipation. The organ of reverence is largely developed in the negro, and profane swearing used to be a rare thing with him. It is exceedingly common now among all ages, but especially so with the young, —naturally so with the latter be-

cause under no wholesome restraint. We cannot look to the crazy authors of this demoralization for any help, since they discard and despise the Bible, the only guide to reformation. But christian philanthropists, North and South, should endeavor to disseminate Bible truth among this unfortunate class. The reverence for sacred things, which the negro has in a stronger degree than the white man, will be a most improtant auxiliary in this praise-worthy enterprise. Believing, as we do most surely, that all the races of mankind have a common origin, a common God, and a common Saviour, we cannot but feel a lively interest in the spiritual, as well as temporal well-being of more than three millions of our fellow-beings.

Major General B. F. Butler has sued the editor of the *La Crosse Democrat* (Brick Pomeroy) for defamation of character and laid the damages at one hundred thousand dollars. The correspondence between these distinguished individuals is quite racy. The General tells the editor in substance that he don't care a *spoon* for the money, but he prizes his reputation dearly. The editor replies that he don't care a spoon about the money or the General's reputation. He uses a great many very uncomplimentary expressions, which are scarcely suitable to this Magazine. It is sufficient for our purpose to say that it is reported that the General intends to appropriate the money (if the suit be gained) to the relief of the New Orleans sufferers.

Some of our Northern exchanges seem as much surpised as indignant, at the refusal of the military heroes in Texas to allow military honors to be paid to the remains of General A. S. Johnson, in Galveston, Texas. We are astonished at the surprise of our contemporaries. Shakspeare described the stabbing of a dead hero by a counterfeit one, exactly two hundred and seventy years ago. Why should it be thought a strange thing now? "'Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Therefore, sirrah." (Stabs him.)

Every war has had its Falstaffs, and we doubt not that impartial history will recognise the mill-burner of the valley of Virginia, as the Falstaff of the great CIVIL WAR.

The Jacobin abuse of our people has long since ceased to produce even a ruffle of temper. It only "reminds us of a little anecdote." One day, we had occasion to visit the skirmish line, to make some observations. Just as we reached it, a soldier discharged his rifle. On being asked at what he fired, he pointed to a group of blue coats a great way off. Observing that the man looked very stupid, and that the blue coats had not seemed to observe his shot, we asked him what elevation he gave his gun. This he did not understand; but when he was asked more plainly at what figure, he set the rear sight of his gun, he replied, "I didn't sot her at no figer at all, I kinder took her at a dead level"! His shot had fallen about 400 yards too short. Just so it is with the Jacobin artillery. They will have to elevate their tone of thought, style of argument, and employment of language, before they can hit the mark. A Georgia soldier, being asked at the beginning of the war what he thought of shells, answered "I don't like them a bit, the yankees throw them about too *careless* like." We don't like the random, promiscuous, and careless style of Jacobin shelling. But as "lie down" was a safe

order in the army, so now no better advice can be given than "lie down" and take it quietly. The firing is obliged to stop, when the guns become heated to a certain point.

The test oath proposed by Mr. Stevens for the loyal men of North Carolina disfranchises all who cannot swear that they did not aid, abet, or sympathize with the rebellion after the 4th March, 1864. The reason why this precise date is selected is obvious. The reëlection and inauguration of Mr. Lincoln on that day indicated the determination of the loyal North to prosecute the war to the bitter end.—All, who saw the chastisement coming and repented, are to be forgiven. Those, who waited to get the chastisement, are to get another of the same sort. "This reminds us of a little anecdote."—And here we would say that we note as a gratifying mark of the loyalizing and harmonizing process going on in our own mind, this growing disposition to illustrate great truths by anecdotes.—The imitation, of the well-known example of an illustrious personage, is surely a proof of progressive loyalty.

But to the anecdote. A worthy clergyman in L., Virginia, had been at great pains to teach his children that punishment was inflicted in order to repentance, and that if the child repented before the chastisement, the end of punishment had been attained and there was no longer any necessity for its infliction. On one occasion, little Henry had used some naughty words, and his father sent for him to his study to flog him, in the good old Scotch-Irish style. Henry came into the study trembling at the sight of the formidable preparations and exclaimed, "Farder, I done repent"! "When did you repent, my son"? asked the clergyman. "When I saw Sam (the servant) bringing in the switch, sir"! "Ah, my son, that was not the right kind of repentance. *It came too late.* Take off your coat."

Mr. Stevens' penitents are all of the class, to which poor Henry belonged. They never thought about their sins, till they saw the switch coming, and then what pitiful whines they set up! We appeal to the common sense of Mr. Stevens, are these creatures to be trusted as soon as those, who stood up like men on the battle-field, took their flogging like men, and cried "enough" in manly tones, when beaten?

We can assure the Honorable gentleman with *absolute certainty*, that the only disloyal men in our own good old North State are the Southern Jacobins, who are firing up the chaldron of agitation in the hope that some more Provisional Governments and other fat scummings may come to the surface.

The *Renaissance* of New Orleans thinks that the speech of General Beauregard to the Congressional delegation, as quoted in the N. Y. *Herald*, was one of the most remarkable ever delivered; no one, in the section where it was alleged to have been made, knew any thing of it; no one of the alleged audience knew any thing of it; and no recollection of it was in the memory of the General himself! Truly, a wonderful speech. When he delivers another of the same kind, we will send down a special reporter.

When our little Joe was just beginning to toddle about a little and to pronounce a few words, his nurse taught him some saucy expressions, such as "hush your mouth," "lem me lone," "'have yourself," &c. The first of these he, by long practice, learned to say very distinctly. One day, his mother was engaged reading a very interesting book, and Joe was very desirous to attract her atten-

tion. He called "mamma, mamma," but got no answer. He pulled her dress, but got no look of recognition. His infantile rage was excited to the highest point by this unwonted neglect, and he screamed at his mother with all his might, "hush your mouth"! If the little teaser had only said, "be loyal and hush your mouth," he would have taught the same lesson which we get from the Capital of the nation!

The Houston *Telegraph* tells an anecdote of Gen. Sam. Houston. On one occasion, when he was expected to make a furious war-speech to an excited crowd eager to invade Mexico, he gave, on the contrary, an agricultural address, and ended by advising them to "go home and raise corn"! 'Twas one of the wisest speeches ever made by the old warrior. In our humble way, we would imitate his example and give the same wholesome advice. It is idle to talk politics, it is idle to discuss the future of the negro, it is idle to speculate as to whether he will work or will perish, it is idle to inquire who is to be Chief Magistrate, the President or Congress. All this avails nothing. But we know that we can take off our coats and work ourselves, with or without the negro. And we know, whoever may be ruler of the United States, work is king of the world. The great duty now is to let politics alone, lay aside foolish pride, and "raise corn."

When we lived in Rockbridge, Va., the native county of General Houston, we heard an incident of his early life. It is well known that he was quite a wild youth and often shocked his guardian's ideas of propriety. When he went out west, his guardian (who was also his uncle, we believe) accompanied him part of his journey, and on bidding him farewell, said, "Sam, the next thing I expect to hear of you, is either that you have been killed in some row, or that a worse fate has befallen you." "I don't know what you will *hear* of me," replied young Houston, "but you will not *see* me again till I pass through Rockbridge on my way to Congress." The prediction was literally fulfilled, and his first visit to Rockbridge was as a member elect to the House of Representatives.

When the writer of this was quite a young man, he went into a Hotel in Washington City and inquired at the office for a friend. Owing to a change of room or to some other cause not now remembered, the clerk could give him no information and he was going away disappointed, when a gentleman came up and with no little trouble, aided him in the search for his friend. 'Twas an act of pure, disinterested kindness, and though the incident was trivial, it spoke eloquently of the goodness of heart of the obliging gentleman. He was Gen. Sam Houston, of Texas. Many theories have been given for his remarkable success in life, and one of them has been that he was an accomplished demagogue. But it is more charitable and more reasonable to believe, that his extraordinary popularity was owing to the conviction among the masses, that at the bottom of his heart, there was a large fund of real, genuine, old Rockbridge love of his race.

One of his bitterest enemies told us at Corpus Christi, in 1845, that he had known the General to go into a crowd almost ready to mob him, and cry out in his stentorian voice that it was "not the rule in Texas to condemn a man unheard"; and when the multitude had assented to this proposition, the old warrior would make such a speech that indignation would be changed into admiration and the yells of rage into "hurrah for old Sam"!

And now having strung together enough anecdotes to demonstrate

our loyalty beyond all peradventure, or at least to prove that the loyalizing process is in a very satisfactory state of progression, we will bid our readers an affectionate adieu.

BOOK NOTICES.

IN VINCULIS. By A. M. Keiley. New York, Blelock & Co., 1866.

Rich, rare, racy, and refreshing! It is decidedly the book of the season. If the publishers have any thing more readable, entertaining and instructive, we wish that they would send it along. The book is full of humor, of real pathos, and of instructive statistics. We hope that the philanthropists, who have been wearing sack-cloth and ashes for the sins of Andersonville, will read that portion of his book devoted to Elmira. And when they have read that, let them turn to the 3d, 4th, and 5th verses of the 7th chapter of Matthew, and finish their reading with the whole of the 23d Chapter. It will do them good. Let us quote for the benefit of those, who so deeply repent of Southern sins, the following sentence: "I heard more oaths, and far more vulgarity of speech, from Federal soldiers during the five months of my captivity, than I heard in Dixie during the two-and-three-quarter years of my connection with Lee's Army; and the evidence is overwhelming, that the immorality, of which there were many examples, tainted much of northern life." The writer of this commanded for six months a regiment of 1200 men, and passed among them freely, at all hours both of day and night, and never once heard an oath. He afterwards filled other grades in the service, and remained till the close of hostilities, and yet he does most solemnly declare that he heard more profanity in a single day on the streets of Charlotte from the Federal garrison, which first occupied it, than during his four years connection with the Southern Army. In all his intercourse with the rebel soldiers, he never heard but one indecent speech, and on looking round to see whence it came, he discovered that the speaker was a foreigner.

We are glad that Mr. Keiley has brought out such facts. The truth may be suppressed awhile, but "the eternal years of God are hers," and she will yet burst her bonds. On the other hand, "the lying tongue is but for a moment."

The tribute of the author to the noble women of Baltimore is exquisitely beautiful, we thought the most beautiful thing in this book. But our judgment may have been biassed, by the memory of thousands of kindnesses to our prisoners, and of noble acts of benevolence to our suffering people. May Heaven reward them!

There is an individual, named by Mr. Keiley, the Duke of Spoons, who would enjoy the book hugely. Those who have a passion for reading about titled men, should "read, mark, and inwardly digest" Mr. Keiley's description of the great Duke. He gives profiles, and heads of other notabilities, a full length portrait only of this nobleman.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK. By J. R. MacDuff, D. D. Robt. Carter & Brothers, New York.

The Messrs Carter have published nineteen of the works of Dr.